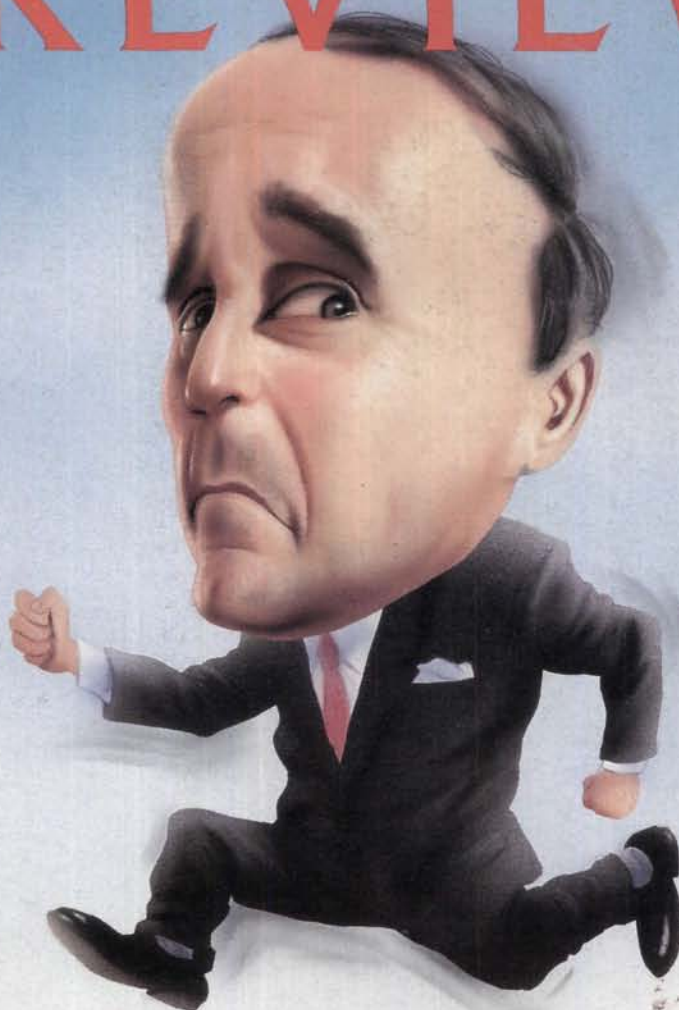


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THE ARMY  
— WFB, p.67

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Big Government for the Uninhibited, by Kenneth Minogue

# NATIONAL REVIEW



## Giuliani: Don't Look Down

*Richard Brookhiser*

## Cyberculture of Death: Abortion Online

*Gregg L. Cunningham*

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# NATIONAL REVIEW

NOVEMBER 10, 1997 VOL. XLIX, NO. 21



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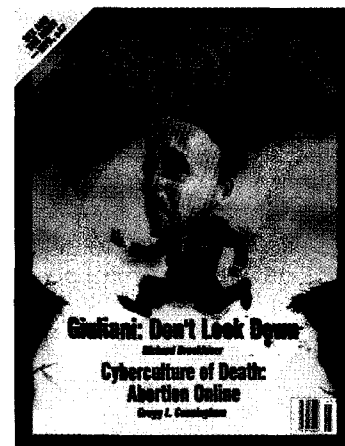
In *The Slave Trade*, Hugh Thomas rescues his subject from PC disinformation. **Robert B. Edgerton** applauds. . . . Denis Judd's *Empire* helps **Mark Falcoff** understand why we miss the British Empire. . . . In *The Good Nazi*, writes **Conor Cruise O'Brien**, Dan van der Vat reveals the truth about Hitler's architect. . . . After reading James Buchan's *Frozen Desire* and Jack Weatherford's *The History of Money*, **John Laughland** considers the moral meaning of cash. . . . In *History on Trial*, by Gary B. Nash et al., **John Fonte** finds the distorted record of a battle in the culture war. . . . Is Japan civilized? **Russell Jenkins** reflects on Iris Chang's *The Rape of Nanking*. . . . Robert Remini's *Daniel Webster* reminds **Forrest McDonald** that American politicians have long had, ah, complex private lives. . . . **Richard Samuelson** takes a serious look at a serious character: **Paul C. Nagel's John Quincy Adams**. . . . **John Simon** circles *Washington Square* and spends *Seven Years* (too many) in Tibet.

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# LETTERS

## Rating the Caricaturists

Not since Max Beerbohm has there been a caricaturist who consistently captures public men in a way that is more powerful than any description by words. Roman Genn's caricature accompanying Walter A. McDougall's "Rating the Presidents" [Oct. 27] is one of the best covers ever to appear on NATIONAL REVIEW. George Washington's stature is literally off the page; Ronald Reagan is depicted as the winsome man of greatness he is; John F. Kennedy needs stilts even to get to Reagan's ear lobe; and poor Bill Clinton dances on one tiny foot, a footnote of history. Thanks for making us laugh, and think.

Timothy S. Goeglein  
Washington, D.C.

## Hot Topic

I am a home-schooling mom and have always looked forward to NR, usually devouring it from cover to cover. As an evangelical from Oklahoma, I had almost no exposure to Catholicism prior to reading NR. I could not imagine what it was about the Catholic Church that upset my Baptist grandmother so. I now understand her revulsion. I was horrified that Jeffrey Hart ["Burn, Tyndale, Burn," Oct. 13] downplays the awfulness of William Tyndale's murder by the Catholic Church, even endorsing it because Tyndale was an evangelical. The fact that Catholics advocated the persecution and murder of non-Catholics centuries ago does not scare me. That a modern-day Catholic heartily endorses this murder does. I guess grandma was right all along.

LaDonna Sasscer  
Bradenton, Fla.

*I praised Tyndale for his great translation, described his theological views, and called his execution "tragic," which is very far from heartily endorsing it. Mrs. Sasscer probably was misled by my account of the conditions in the sixteenth century that led to such executions. Both the Catholic Church and its opponents executed those they considered serious and influential heretics. Both sides, that is, considered immortal souls as important as, for example, atomic-bomb secrets. By the time Tyndale was executed the Inquisition had liberalized a bit, and Tyndale was strangled before his body was burned. He was not, of course, an evangelical.* —JH

## A Defense

Having found Jonathan Foreman's previous writings for NR (especially the ones on Gianni Versace and Howard Stern) penetrating and illuminating, I was all the more disappointed by his review of Louis Auchincloss's *The Atonement and Other Stories* [Oct. 13]. Now, we may be talking at cross-purposes: I have not yet read *The Atonement*; and Mr. Foreman, although he uses the occasion to attack Mr. Auchincloss's whole oeuvre, may be saving for that desert island *The Embezzler* and *The Rector of Justin* and *Portrait in Brownstone*.

How do you decide whether an author has "insight into human nature"? One test is whether his depictions have explanatory power for real-life situations. Mr. Auchincloss's works do indeed have such power for a certain breed of New York/New Englander. (Note that I say "breed," not "class"—Rex Geer, for example, of unillustrious farming stock, is morally superior to the tawny old crusted Guy Prime.) Mr. Auchincloss's life's work has been to show what happened to this breed after the Age of Innocence—and in this neck of the woods, there aren't many weeks when one does not come across a situation for which the only comment is, "Pure Auchincloss." As for humor—well, his is astringent rather than knee-slapping; but I for one can't look at Ted Kennedy without thinking of Mrs. Hyde's comment about what Guy will look like in twenty years' time.

Julie Wilcox  
New York, N.Y.

## Oh Say, Can You Sing?

I agree with Balint Vazsonyi ["Anthem Abuse," Oct. 13] about the singing of the national anthem. It reminds me of a story about Adelina Patti, who once sang "*Una voce poco fa*" with so much embellishment that Rossini asked her, "By whom is this aria that you have just let us hear?"

Michael Richmond  
Bethesda, Md.

## Vulnerable Inside and Out

I would like to add a further consideration to Peter Rodman's excellent discussion of Chinese military capabilities and possible intentions ["Chinese Puzzles," Oct. 13]. He cites China's uncertain internal political configuration as a possible continuing vulnerability. China's geographical location may be another. Reading the map clock-

wise, China must see as potential enemies Russia (certain to be a major power in due course), Japan (potentially formidable), and Pakistan. The geopolitical view from Peking must be sobering. This is merely a footnote to Mr. Rodman's fine article.

Jeffrey Hart  
Lyme, N.H.

## Saluting a Woman

Thank you, Kate O'Beirne, for your wonderful "Bread and Circuses" [Sept. 29]. As a former Navy SEAL I was disgusted that Disney would allow the making of *G. I. Jane*. It is no surprise that the morale of our Armed Forces is at the lowest point since Vietnam. People like Pat Schroeder, Danielle Alexander, Bill Clinton, and many other members of our current leadership have made our military a third-grade organization. Pride has gone out the window. Mrs. O'Beirne has set the record straight. On behalf of all Navy SEALs, active and former, I salute you.

Harry Neumann  
Carmel, Calif.

## Non-Profit Costs?

You make the ludicrous allegation ["The Week," Aug. 11] that the Annie E. Casey Foundation's mental-health grant-making in Virginia led to "an entire new welfare bureaucracy" and to the state's spending "\$90 million complying with Casey's demands." It's hard to decide what is more irresponsible: not seeking comment from us, or not attributing your scoop to its source—an error-ridden 1996 *Forbes* article thoroughly repudiated even by those sympathetic to the author's ideology. The irony in all this is that our Virginia mental-health initiative has always emphasized decentralization of services and more effective use of current spending levels. Your reference to my letter to Gov. Wilder is particularly ironic because in it I explicitly urged the state not to "layer on new services." Finally, "the \$90 million" you refer to is the existing budget for the state's Comprehensive Services Act—a budget authorization enacted by the legislature prior to Casey's even contemplating a mental-health-reform grant to Virginia.

Douglas W. Nelson  
President, The Annie E. Casey Foundation  
Baltimore, Md.

*The Virginia anecdote was originally reported in Forbes. However, the broad idea—that "seed" money from not-for-profit foundations often costs state and local governments enormous sums of their own tax money—was brought to our attention by Lamar Alexander. As governor, Mr. Alexander learned to steer clear of such entanglements. He wants others to do likewise.* —ED.



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# FROM THE EDITOR

## She's Baaack!

■ Mrs. Clinton has reached the age of fifty, and *Time* magazine devotes nine pages to examining this symbol of an entire generation of women—or at least of “its passionate front line.”

“The cutting edge of female Baby Boomers . . . approached adulthood with a wild, subversive earnestness. These women would change the world, have careers, build strong marriages, raise good children and keep their sense of humor. Hillary has been a beneficiary of these expectations, and as First Lady also their most conspicuous victim.”

These qualities are not, of course, typical of all women born in America between 1946 and 1960. Few supermarket checkout clerks or steelworker wives brought a wild, subversive earnestness to changing the world. What *Time* celebrates here is Yale Law School graduates, inhabitants of two-career marriages (to be distinguished from two-job marriages), feminist professionals, etc. And if these women have kept their sense of humor, they have kept it as well hidden as Mrs. Clinton has done.

But our “conspicuous victim” has differed from her New Class sisters in recent years. Her wild, subversive earnestness has been put on the back burner. She has been in purdah, taken the veil, donned the chador of political invisibility, played second string to her husband, and spent her days like a Victorian heroine on some White House couch, calling faintly for the *sal volatile*.

*Time* obliges. It reports excitedly that Mrs. Clinton will be leading a White House conference on child care and laying out the problems and complexities “with her customary intellectual vigor.”

Those of us who might be frightened by this fierce prospect are reassured that her now customary mode of argumentation is to make her point “by tousling the curls of a toddler . . . or cooing over a sock dog . . .”

The purpose of such “touslings” is not merely solving the complexities of child care. Mrs. Clinton is also seeking “public redemption” after wandering “more or

less by herself” (we can believe that) “in the political wilderness.”

And while wandering in the wilderness, she had to face other trials and tribulations. (There is a respectable precedent for this.) Various Pharisees complained about the disappearance and reappearance of her Rose Law Firm billing records, her involvement in the firing of the Travel Office staff, her possible hand in the gathering of FBI files on Republicans, etc., etc., etc.

It came as a terrible shock: “. . . to see her own moral standards attacked was something new.” But she recovered.

Her therapy was “to produce, in her semi-legible longhand, *It Takes a Village*” . . . Here, surely, is the greatest of all Hillary’s miracles: to write a book that was actually written by somebody else. Yea, verily, I say unto you.

When I wrote about Mrs. Clinton on a previous occasion, I was accused by the distinguished columnist Mr. Garry Wills of losing my customary urbanity. Let me try to acquit myself of this grave charge. I believe Mrs. Clinton to be an attractive woman, a competent lawyer, and a politician inspired by a vision of the public good which is genuine though (I think) mistaken. She is not, however, a Big Thinker, a symbol of her generation, or even an author. And if my urbanity is a little frayed it is as a result not of Mrs. Clinton herself but of those sycophantic journalists who depict her in language borrowed from a Harlequin romance (in which, for once, the girl takes the initiative):

“She tousled his hair with a wild, subversive earnestness.

“Her passionate front line pressed against his chest. And all his doubts and hesitations were once again swept away by her customary intellectual rigor.

“Yet even as he fondled the sock dog she had given him, he felt that she was holding something back, that there was some private part of herself he was not allowed to approach.

“‘Tell me,’ he cried out. ‘Where, oh where, do you keep your sense of humor?’”

—JOHN O’SULLIVAN

## NATIONAL REVIEW

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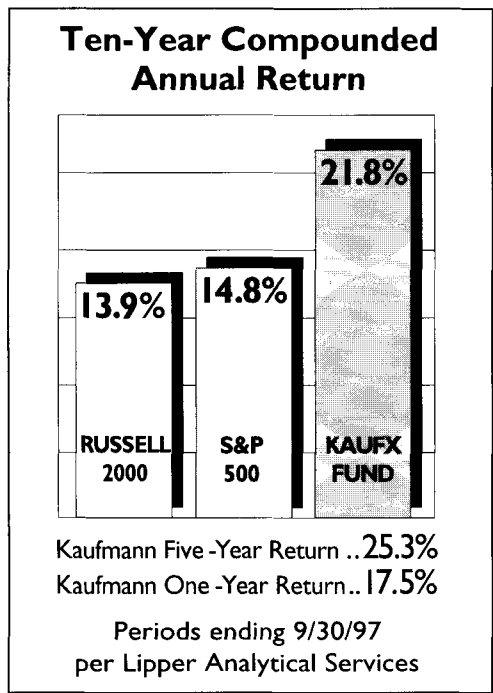
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# FOR THE RECORD

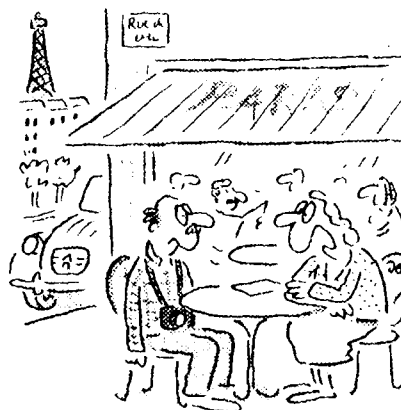
■ Great moments in presidential history: lawyer **Robert Bennett** defends **Bill Clinton** on *Face the Nation*: "There is absolutely no unique characteristic of any kind . . . in terms of size, shape, direction. . . . The President is a normal man." . . . Testifying before Senate investigators, **Harold Ickes** announces, "I know that it is customary for witnesses to express their great pleasure to appear before you, but because I am under oath, I am unable to say I share that sentiment." . . . Pressure mounts on **Janet Reno**. *Augusta Chronicle* editorializes, "It's time to get rid of the worst Attorney General in the nation's history." . . . Rep. **Mark Souder** (R., Ind.) compiles list of Clinton donors who got foreign posts, under heading, "Would you like an ambassadorship with your coffee?"

■ In unusual move, all members of Republican Senate leadership file a brief urging Supreme Court to hold unconstitutional a school board's firing of a teacher because of race. On same case, liberal columnist **Bob Herbert** writes: "There are times when you have no choice but to try to cut your losses. Such is the case now with affirmative action." . . . After revelation that **George Bush** wrote in diary, "I blew it," after choosing **Dan Quayle**, **George Will** says, "I think Quayle blew it in running with Bush," noting that Bush's team "did as much as anyone to undermine the public perception of him." . . . Candidates to watch: Conservative **Charlie Gerow**, who almost knocked off Rep. **Bill Goodling** (R., Pa.) in '96 primaries, is back for better-financed rematch. Goodling from safe Republican seat, opposes school choice, missile defense, death penalty. . . . **Mike Burkhold** vies for vulnerable seat of Rep. **John Spratt** (D., S.C.), ranking minority member on House Budget Committee.

■ Poll puts lead Gov. **Christine Todd Whitman** (R., N.J.) has over Democrat **Jim McGreevey** within margin of error, with her support particularly low among women. **Peggy Noonan** and

Sen. **Olympia Snowe** (R., Me.) attend "Women for Whitman" rally. Republicans Gov. **John Engler** (Mich.), Gov. **Tommy Thompson** (Wisc.), and Sen. **Rick Santorum** (Penn.) also campaign for her. Homosexual group Log Cabin Republicans endorses Whitman: she supports "gay-positive AIDS education" and gay adoption, opposes mandatory HIV testing for pregnant women. . . . *Orange County Register* quotes Rep. **Ralph Regula** (R., Ohio), no scourge of corporate welfare: "The corporate-welfare thing is overplayed. It's difficult to define. Someone can be the life of the party or a drunk, depending on a person's perspective." . . . Speaking of which, Sen. **Ted Kennedy**, after blocking school choice for D.C., tells *Washington Post*, "Republicans in Congress should stop acting like plantation masters and start treating the people of D.C. with the respect they deserve"—drawing sharp rebuke from Sen. **Dan Coats** (R., Ind.). . . . Rep. **Bob Barr** (R., Ga.) wants to rename D.C.'s airport the "Ronald Reagan National Airport."

■ Syndicated columnist **Maureen Dowd** finally gets a point of view. Over ten days, she defends *Nothing Sacred*, attacks **Clarence Thomas** ("Many believe that the truth lay somewhere in between the versions of Mr. Thomas and Ms. Hill. I don't. I think she told the truth and he lied."), and Promise Keepers. Three strikes, she's out—as a



"I don't think the waiter knows about our friendly relationship with Europe."

liberal. . . . Also attacking the Promise Keepers: **Gloria Steinem**, who writes to *New York Times*, "They oppose democratic families, the basis of a democratic society"—cerily echoing seventeenth-century philosopher Sir **Robert Filmer**, beloved of paleoconservatives for contention that patriarchal family formed basis for monarchical state. . . . **Peter Jennings** "reports" on fate of campaign-finance legislation: "Good evening. We begin tonight with stalemate in the Senate. The majority thwarted. Politics prevails. Campaign-finance reform, which the public wants, dead as a door-nail." . . . **Katie Couric** asks **Kitty Kelley** whether **Queen Elizabeth** has "any redeeming qualities," gets answer that she condemned **Margaret Thatcher's** economic policies as harsh to the poor.

■ Russian Metropolitan **Kirill** tries to justify new religious law: "If, after 15 years, it becomes clear that penguin worshippers do not put bombs in public places, do not kidnap children from their parents, they have the right to register legally." . . . Vanuatu Pres. **Jean-Marie Leye** worries that little Pacific island's constitution could mean people are free "to worship rats, cats, or stones." . . .irate mothers take to Paris streets to protest Socialist Prime Minister **Lionel Jospin's** proposal for means-testing school subsidies; Conservative Pres. **Jaques Chirac** hopes to capitalize. . . . **Yasir Arafat** not only refused to surrender terrorist **Razi Jabali** under terms of Oslo agreement but made him ambassador to Russia. . . . **Stephen Sestanovich**, Clinton's just-confirmed ambassador-at-large to former Soviet republics, opposed NATO enlargement. . . . In London visit, **Bill Gates**, world's richest man, endorses PM **Tony Blair's** \$175-million proposal to connect all British schoolchildren to Internet—but offers no financing.

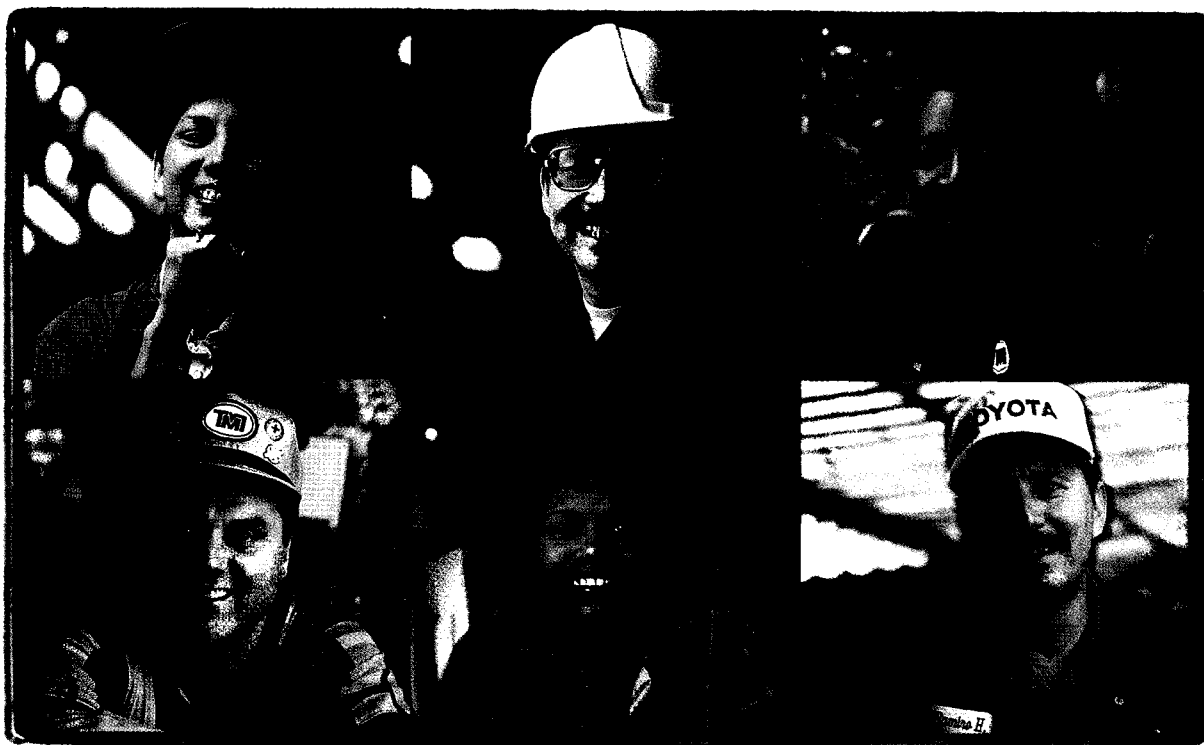
■ Newsletter of Statistical Assessment Service reports on science project of **Nathan Zohner**, 14, of Idaho Falls, Idaho. Zohner explained hazards of dihydrogen monoxide—it's a major component of acid rain, can kill when accidentally inhaled, causes severe burns in gaseous form—and then surveyed listeners on whether they would support a ban. Out of 50, 43 would, 6 were unsure, only 1 realized that dihydrogen monoxide is H<sub>2</sub>O, or water.

Matt—Rothco

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# The Bermuda Triangle-Sun

VOL. I . . . No. 4

HAMILTON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1997

FREE

## NR Publisher Back from Celebrity Bermuda Voyage on *Zenith* Tanned, Rested, and Ready to Return in 1998: "What an Island! What a Cruise! What a Ship!" Credits Reinvigoration to "Big Doses of 'Vitamin Sea'"

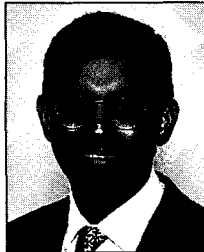
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William Rusher

NEW YORK, Oct. 23—*National Review* Publisher Edward Capano—tanned, rested, and relaxed thanks to a "fantastic" Bermuda cruise on Celebrity's *Zenith*—says that "there's going to be one big problem" with the magazine's 1998 voyage to the island paradise: "It's so beautiful that we're going to be spoiled for any future cruises."

"I can't wait to go back," said Capano, who credited Bermuda and Celebrity's famed service and cuisine for his "reinvigorated state" and new movie star looks. The transformation came about, he said, thanks to the *Zenith*, which "provided me with big daily doses of 'Vitamin Sea.'"

While Capano was "enduring" a week of "preparation" for the *National Review 1998 Bermuda Cruise* ("someone had to do the advance work," he said), officials at NR's Office of Cruise Affairs were flooded with orders for the forthcoming voyage: already some 60 cabins have been booked, and "There's a waiting list for Deluxe Suites," croaked one harried staffer. "The Premier Staterooms are just about gone!"

Given the lightening-fast pace of orders and inquiries—to date 500 people have ordered Bermuda Cruise Information Kits!—NR cruise officials issued a bluntly worded press statement

today warning that "Anyone who delays in reserving a cabin risks not only *not* having the cabin of his choice, but may face a complete 'sold out' situation."

*The National Review 1998 Bermuda Cruise* is scheduled for May 23-30, 1998 aboard the *Zenith*, the stunning vessel labeled "indisputably gracious, airy, and comfortable" by Fodor's authoritative *Worldwide Cruises*. Celebrities "headlining" the

ED CAPANO: PROOF OF THE THERAPUTIVE POWERS OF CELEBITY CRUISES' *ZENITH*



cruise will be NR's John O'Sullivan and Kate O'Beirne, Judge Robert Bork, author Dinesh D'Souza, FOX News' Brit Hume, California "Proposition 209" champion Ward Connerly, *US News & World Report* columnist John Leo, syndicated columnist Mona Charen, former NR

Publisher William Rusher, and Media Research Center founder Brent Bozell.

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To get your FREE copy of the *National Review 1998 Bermuda Cruise* Information Kit, call NR's new toll-free number: 1-888-335-4001 (before the cabin of your choice is gone!).

Until next time, this has been Sandi Beech, *National Review* Cruise Correspondent for *The Bermuda Triangle-Sun*.

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# THE WEEK

■ The President and Mrs. Clinton toured South America, which will not soon forget nor easily forgive. In Brazil, the First Gringos told President Fernando Henrique Cardoso to change the time set for a state dinner at his palace. "Who decides about what time I have dinner in my palace?" he fumed. "That's me." The Clintons remarked that Brazil's judicial system was "inefficient" (causing Chief Justice Celso de Mello to decline an invitation to dinner with Mr. Clinton in protest), and that the country was marred by "endemic corruption" (prompting the leader of Brazil's lower house, Inocencio Oliveira, to sputter, "I hate Americans"). The Clintons kept spreading their sunshine, observing that Rio de Janeiro was "one of the most dangerous cities in the world" (Washington, D.C., isn't?), that Brasilia, the capital, was "dry and sterile" and "soulless," and that commuters in São Paulo made love in their cars during traffic jams, probably without even having any Astroturf in the back seat. On leaving, the Clintons made some remarks in Spanish, no doubt forgetting that Brazilians speak Portuguese.

■ Congressional Republicans should grow up and stop whining about President Clinton's efforts to use the line-item veto. For decades the GOP campaigned in favor of restoring the presidential budget-impoundment authority that was terminated after Watergate. Well, the line-item veto passed in 1995, and in recent weeks Mr. Clinton cut a measly \$144 million from a \$248-billion defense-appropriation bill and \$287 million from a \$9.2-billion military-construction bill. But hear the GOP how!! House Appropriations Committee Chairman Bob Livingston described the President's use of the vetoes as "a raw exercise of power." Deficit hawk Sen. Pete Domenici moans, "We will have a real war going." Sen. Robert F. Bennett whimpers, "We had no warning." Only Sen. John McCain has urged the President on, submitting his own \$27-million list of terminations. Remember when the GOP pledged to eliminate the Departments of HUD, Energy, and Commerce? You've come a long way, baby.

■ GROWING, GROWING, GONE: Wisconsin's tax-cutting governor Tommy Thompson has outraged conservatives, and harmed his presidential chances, by, yes, raising taxes. The state's 1998 budget includes higher levies, pushed by Thompson, on gasoline, cigarettes, and Internet sales, and the governor fought the legislature's plans for income-tax

cuts. What happened? Gov. Thompson has been influenced, reports columnist Bob Novak, by liberal staff at the National Governors' Association, which Thompson once chaired and in which he remains active.

■ Some years ago Lt. Patrick Burns, a Navy flight instructor, began collecting evidence about the training of two F-14 pilots, Lt. Kara Hultgreen and Lt. Carey Lohrenz, because, on the basis of their performance, he feared some catastrophic mishap, and he feared the Navy would be less than truthful if such a mishap occurred. He was right, on both counts. Lt. Hultgreen was killed in a carrier landing accident which the Navy initially blamed on equipment failure. Two years later, a Navy investigation found Lt. Lohrenz's flying to be "unsafe, undisciplined, and unpredictable." She was restricted to land-based aircraft. After the Hultgreen crash, Lt. Burns gave copies of the women's training records to Elaine Donnelly of the Center for Military Readiness, and Mrs. Donnelly, with help from the Senate Armed Services Committee, brought them to the attention of Navy brass. Now the Navy, like a king executing the bearer of bad news, is withholding a promotion from Lt. Burns. If the Navy ends his career, a brave serviceman, acting in the best interests of his male and female colleagues, will have been sacrificed to the military's devotion to gender-blind standards.

■ Sex reared its head at the annual conference of the British Conservative Party. Michael Portillo, who once was the leadership candidate of the party's right wing, cooed like a dove, urging tolerance toward homosexuals. Meanwhile the party's new leader, 36-year-old William Hague, ostentatiously shared a hotel bedroom with his fiancée, Ffion Jenkins. Unkind persons said this was to demonstrate his own sexual preference; the slightly less unkind said it was to identify him with young voters. The idea, obviously, was to match Prime Minister Tony Blair's self-proclaimed warmth and modernity. The truth is that many senior Tories still do not understand the reason for



■ CORRECTION: Our contents page, which is printed early, lists Don Barnett's article as "Tuning Out Religion." The actual title is "Persecution Complex."

their catastrophic electoral defeat, which they attribute to longevity in office, to a "ruthless" capitalist image, and to divisions in the parliamentary party. But divisions are not necessarily a bad thing. Suppose Conservatives were split between those aiming to cut spending by 20 per cent, and those determined on a 30 per cent cut; between those pledged that Britain would not go an inch further toward European federalism, and those ready to break free of Brussels now. The party might have won by as big a landslide as it lost by. Dreams, dreams.

■ As China's President Jiang Zemin comes to Washington to discuss high politics and economic cooperation with President Clinton, attention focuses on China's human-rights record. Less scrutinized is the status of China's so-called free-market economic revival. An interesting column by *New York Times* man Thomas L. Friedman warns that China suffers from "the same state-directed, authoritarian crony capitalism practiced by the Asian tigers Malaysia, Indonesia, Thailand, and Korea." This includes financial flows directed toward politically favored banks, failed state enterprises, and overbuilt commercial real estate. It is true that real economic growth in China is running at around 9 per cent, with a wondrous zero inflation rate. However, both inventories and unemployment are beginning to rise, and tens of millions of state workers face lost paychecks if large-scale privatization of state enterprises goes forward. Meanwhile, the Chinese yuan has appreciated relative to the strong dollar, suggesting a sizable illiquidity threat to the economy. Should there be a recession, China's undemocratic political regime could implode in violent repression. President Clinton should make the case for accelerated free-market economic reforms, as well as true democratization and religious freedom. And by the way, it is nice to see Mr. Friedman progressing on the free-market path.

■ Did the technocrats working on the Euro hear the news from Sweden last week? The Nobel Prize for Economics was awarded to Robert C. Merton of the Harvard Business School and Myron S. Scholes, professor emeritus at the Stanford Business School. With the late Fischer Black they developed a formula that enables financial markets to price stock options and other "derivatives" (i.e., instruments whose value is derived from future prices or events). Among the many benefits of their insight, a French farmer can sell Brie in England, Italy, or Germany without worrying about the value of the pound, lira, or Deutsche Mark. Like the Euro, the Black-Scholes option-price equation is fiendishly difficult to understand, let alone explain. Unlike the Euro, it helps the farmer and other producers, without double-digit unemployment, tax hikes, punishing monetary policy, large bureaucracies, or a relinquishing of national sovereignty.

■ Nobel Peace Laureate Jody Williams is a chunky, barefoot rural Vermonter with lank blonde hair. And a conscience—she is against pain and against land mines. That's it, right? Wrong. The columnist Philip Terzian discloses that "before stumbling on land mines as her personal crusade, she had devoted several years of her life to active support for the Sandinista dictatorship in Nicaragua, and promoting the Communist insurgency in El Salvador." Miss Williams's real motive is "rage—aimed, specifically, at her native land. This became obvious during the several television interviews she gave upon receiving the Nobel Prize." Keep your eye on Miss Williams, and on Vermont, which has undergone enormous demographic and political changes in recent decades. Its sole representative in the House is Bernie Sanders, a self-described Socialist. Vermont is now the leftwardmost state in the nation. Jody Williams is right at home there.

■ And Dario Fo, the Italian Abbie Hoffman, has won the Nobel Prize for *Literature*. Signor Fo, a longtime member of the Italian Communist Party, said he was "flabbergasted." Everyone else joined him in flabbergastment. After all, he is a lightweight nightclub farceur and prankster who "questions authority," such as it is these days. Snore. Move over, Yeats, Faulkner, Hemingway. The Nobel Prize is careening off the tracks and disappearing into a swamp. Splash. *Ooze*. Glunk. Are even the Swedes post-modernists now?

■ Naomi Wolf, being surprisingly gentle toward the Promise Keepers on *Meet the Press*, said, "I would like to see them fulfill Jesus' vision, and Jesus was the initial feminist, I think, in the Judaeo-Christian tradition." Rightly understood, yes, He was. May we hope that Miss Wolf's feminism will shortly come into line with His?

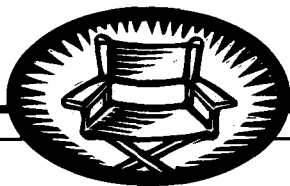
■ It looks as if Bill Gates missed a coffee.

■ In Colorado, on the eve of being executed for rape and murder, Mr. Gary Lee Davis made his last request: a smoke. Is that too much to ask? It is in Colorado, where death row is a smoke-free facility. Request denied.

## One from Column A

THE off-year races in Virginia and New Jersey (governors) and New York City (mayor) provide a textbook array of GOP types: disappointing conservative, disappointing liberal, best possible liberal.

In Virginia, Republican gubernatorial candidate James Gilmore has provided a model of how to mishandle the abortion issue. Two weeks before the election, he said he would support spousal-notification legislation. Then he backed off, explaining he couldn't support it because the Supreme Court had found it unconstitutional. Finally, he said he would oppose notification even if it were consti-



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## Janet Reno, Sleuth

*She's dilatory like a fox  
And tender toward the boss's ox.  
She never got around to Huang;  
She's tone-deaf to a Buddhist gong  
And won't—reviewing tapes—infer.  
All Asians look alike to her.*

—W. H. VON DREELE



tutional. All this sashaying only focused attention on Gilmore's vague abortion position—he's for it in the first 8 to 12 weeks, difficult to pin down after that—and cast doubt on his political fortitude. Fortunately for Gilmore, Democrat Donald Beyer's response to his initial endorsement of spousal notification—a common-sense policy which about 70 per cent of people support in polls—was

clearly overboard: "We've come a long way from when we treated women as property, women as chattel."

Beyer has helped Gilmore in other ways. His harsh attacks on Pat Robertson have energized the Christian conservatives whom Gilmore had done his best to deflate. And Beyer, a good-looking Volvo salesman, has made being a New Democrat seem mere posturing in a way that even President Clinton never could. Beyer's education plan—to increase Virginia teachers' salaries to the national average—is a transparent PR ploy that no one has taken seriously as policy. His response to Gilmore's plan to eliminate the hated personal-property tax on automobiles was first to denounce it as irresponsible, then to adopt his own version. On November 4, Gilmore's popular tax plan should help get him safely home—and show once again that tax reform is one of the best ways for Republicans to get there.

Four years ago in New Jersey, Christine Todd Whitman toppled a Democratic incumbent with a strong tax-cut campaign. Gov. Whitman delivered on her promise. But now she is in a close race with Democrat James McGreevey, a little-known state legislator. Mrs. Whitman

## Right Data

**T**HE best of times? Hardly. Although median family income rose in 1995 and 1996, it has yet to recover from the declines suffered in the Bush and early Clinton years. For men, the Clinton boom has been a big bust. Men working in full-time jobs suffered, on average, a 0.9 per cent decline in income last year, and currently earn about 10 per cent less in real terms than they did at the end of the Reagan years.

A growing sense of this has forced men and women alike to work longer hours. The average employed male worked 84 hours—the equivalent of an extra two weeks—more in 1996 than in 1992. "Companies are offering the work, and people are self-insuring themselves, taking all the hours they can get because they are not sure they will have hours next year," says University of Massachusetts economist Barry Bluestone.

Anxious workers are not the whole story, however. Traditionally the work week lengthened in the early stages of an economic recovery when employers

loaded up existing workers rather than take on new hires. Then, as confidence returned, they added workers and throttled back on overtime.

On that precedent, hours worked should have started to fall shortly after

Bureau of Labor Statistics. So it's cheaper to pay time and a half to a \$10-per-hour employee than to hire a new worker at the same base wage plus benefits, amounting to \$15.53 per hour.

Census Bureau data have not gone unchallenged. Work hours are based on surveys of a cross-section of Americans. There is strong evidence that people exaggerate. When they are asked to record when they worked, their diaries show

much less time than they had recalled. Moreover, overstatement of work time has increased from 1 hour a week in 1965 to 7 hours three decades later.

What accounts for Americans' misperceiving their work effort? Accelerating consumption of goods and experiences, more small and single-person households, and increased commuting time have increased the pace of life. "People who

feel more rushed and more stressed," writes John Robinson, director of the Americans' Use of Time Project at the University of Maryland, "are more likely to overestimate how long they work."

This cloud has a silver lining. Workers who feel overworked and exploited are not likely to demand excessive wage hikes even if the economy booms. Their anxiety makes Alan Greenspan's job more secure.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

### MORE MONEY, LESS FUN?

(1996 Dollars)

|      | Median Income     |                     | Average<br>Hourly<br>Wage (b) | Average Annual<br>Hours Worked (c) |
|------|-------------------|---------------------|-------------------------------|------------------------------------|
|      | All<br>Households | Male<br>Workers (a) |                               |                                    |
| 1980 | \$33,763          | \$35,483            | \$12.63                       | 1,816 hrs.                         |
| 1988 | 36,108            | 35,354              | 12.40                         | 1,903                              |
| 1992 | 34,261            | 33,770              | 12.03                         | 1,876                              |
| 1993 | 34,922            | 33,016              | 11.99                         | 1,905                              |
| 1994 | 34,158            | 32,665              | 12.01                         | 1,920                              |
| 1995 | 35,082            | 32,426              | 11.99                         | 1,940                              |
| 1996 | 35,492            | 32,144              | 12.06                         | 1,960 (Est.)                       |

a. Full-time workers. b. Private sector. c. Males.  
Source: Commerce Dept., Bureau of Labor Statistics

the current recovery began in early 1991. But the rising expense of health insurance, unemployment insurance, and other government-mandated benefits has made paying overtime to current employees a bargain.

The math is straightforward. Calculated over a standard 40-hour work week, blue-collar benefits now average \$5.53 an hour, up 37 per cent since the last recession began in 1990, according to the



The Spanish-American War, almost forgotten a century later, was the second most-important conflict in the history of the United States. **BIRTH OF THE AMERICAN CENTURY** tells the story in provocative, thrilling text, photographs and accurate and stirring contemporary war art in color and black-and-white.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, commanding officer, 1st Volunteer Cavalry Regiment (The "Rough Riders").

# BIRTH OF THE AMERICAN CENTURY

## Centennial History of the Spanish-American War By Ron Ziel

Introduction by John A. Gable, Executive Director, Theodore Roosevelt Association. Edited by Jedediah Clauss

The Spanish-American War of 1898 was, in many respects, the second most important war in American history, transforming the USA into a great world power. Only the Revolutionary War, in which the United States became independent, was of greater significance. Other conflicts — the Civil War, the World Wars, Korea — were much more costly in terms of casualties and treasure, but all they did was to restore the old *status quo*, and Vietnam was a reversal. With the passing of a century since *la Guerra Españolaamericana*, that war has become one of the most forgotten and least understood of major events. Students studying American history are taught almost nothing about the war with Spain and few understand its importance in propelling the United States into its 20th Century role of world leadership. Early in 1898 the U.S.A. was only a formidable regional power; by August of that year, it controlled much of the Atlantic Ocean, the Caribbean Sea and a 10,000-mile arc of the Pacific Ocean from Alaska to the Philippines.

The history of four centuries of genocidal Spanish colonialism in the New World is reviewed as are the events and violence leading up to the conflict. The main thrust of the book refers to the immediate preparations and land and sea combat operations. The decisive role played by black "Buffalo Soldiers" and how the nurses who were credited with saving the lives of thousands of sick and wounded soldiers laid the foundations of the advances of women's rights in the 20th Century, is covered.

Politically, economically and militarily, the United States matured in 1898. America had a powerful navy, an experienced army and reflecting its new world-wide outlook, the incentive to build the Panama Canal. Increased world trade, U.S. intervention in World War I and the great events that followed during the tumultuous American Century, were all the results of the Spanish-American War. The sudden projection of American power across the Pacific Ocean in 1898 also set the stage for the conflict with Japan, a little over four decades later. Yet who knows these facts today?

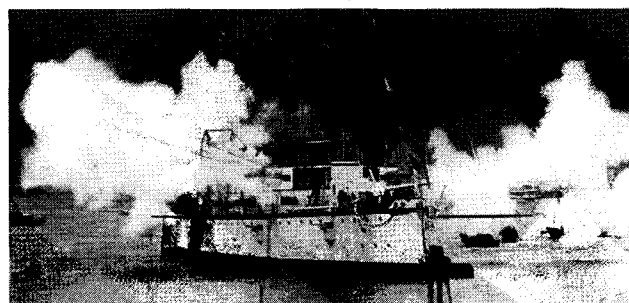
Just off the presses, **BIRTH OF THE AMERICAN CENTURY** relates all facets of the long prelude and the Spanish-American War itself, the geopolitics and how the cruelties of Spanish rule ran head-on into American idealism and democratic principles. The daily lives of ordinary soldiers and sailors — the long periods of boredom, interspersed with the deadly excitement of ferocious combat on sea and land — will be shown in

photographs and the great war art of such renowned illustrators as W.A. Rogers, T. deThulstrup and Frederic Remington, as well as Charles Johnson Post, a private who fought in Cuba. The finest paintings will be in full color.

Even before thousands of armed Spanish soldiers had surrendered in the Philippines, the natives had no desire to cast off the yoke of cruel colonialism for American dominance, even if the U.S.A. offered an enlightened rule which would lead eventually to independence. The Philippine Insurrection, covered in detail, became a continuation of the Spanish-American War and cost the U.S. more casualties than did the fighting against Spain.

The "Yellow Journalists" in America had sensationalized the Spanish oppression and the explosion of the battleship *USS Maine*, whipping the population into a war frenzy. When President McKinley expressed concern about journalistic ethics, William Randolph Hearst replied: "Mr. President, you supply the army and navy, I'll supply the war!"

This big, exciting, lavishly-illustrated book ends with a detailed epilogue, summarizing how the outcome of "the Splendid Little War" influenced major events of the 1900's and beyond, especially the rapid ascendancy of the United States into the only super power in history.



"Ziel is doubtless correct in seeing this war as a turning point in world history ... this book helps recapture the color, drama and immediacy of this action-packed but brief war."

—John A. Gable, Executive Director, Theodore Roosevelt Association

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—E. C. Finney, Jr., Museum Specialist, U.S. Naval Historical Center

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alienated social conservatives by scolding the GOP for its lack of inclusiveness, railing against the party's pro-life platform, and vetoing the ban on partial-birth abortions passed by her own Republican legislature. Mrs. Whitman's Republican tent has no room for pro-lifers. She disappointed economic conservatives as well by borrowing heavily in order to avoid spending cuts, and she abandoned GOP mayor Bret Schundler in his fight for school choice in Jersey City.

Now Mrs. Whitman has third-party problems. Murray Sabrin, a socially conservative Libertarian, has qualified for matching funds and the right to appear in candidate debates, where he has ably made the case for conservative government. (Richard Pezzullo, the candidate of the New Jersey Conservative Party, is running far behind Sabrin.) Mrs. Whitman is not like the liberal titans of thirty years ago. She lacks Nelson Rockefeller's money and John Lindsay's glamour. But she has done her best to tug the party in a counterhistorical direction. Conservatives cannot support her for re-election.

New York mayor Rudolph Giuliani, as Richard Brookhiser reports (p. 39), has pulled his share of Whitmanesque stunts: endorsing Democratic candidates, bump-tiously taking liberal positions on immigration and rent control. But he addressed a central conservative concern, the crime problem, showing creativity and toughness, and achieving thereby what urbanologist Fred Siegel calls the only significant success in urban policy in thirty years. To do this, he has put many of New York's other problems on hold, and his ambition may carry him into realms where crime-fighting is not relevant. (Would Sen. Giuliani arrest difficult colleagues?) Mr. Giuliani cruises to a re-election, possibly a blowout. He will have, and deserve, the support of local conservatives—this time out.

One option is not available to voters in 1997: best possible conservative. If some don't materialize, GOP prospects in 1998 and 2000 look dim.

## A Loss for Words

**I**F Janet Reno has a specialty as attorney general, it is appearing embattled yet unwavering before congressional committees. That is how she started her tenure after the debacle at Waco, and she continued in the same vein this month when she appeared before the House Judiciary Committee to defend her handling of the Clinton fundraising investigation. Although her explanations for why she has not asked for an independent counsel were unconvincing, even incoherent, the hearings allowed her to make a day-long show of straight-backed integrity.

It didn't help that Republicans turned in the kind of scattershot performance that too often characterizes their oversight hearings. Committee members did not coordinate their efforts, and all wanted TV face-time even if it meant asking repetitive, pointless questions. In fact, the hearing was emblematic of the larger politics of Washing-

ton scandal. Republicans are drowning in a torrent of Clinton wrongdoing. There is always so much to talk about that nothing in particular gets much attention, and Mr. Clinton dances through the raindrops.

The Clinton-Gore fundraising calls became important because they seemed to be the only way to force Miss Reno to ask for an independent counsel. But instead of focusing on them, Republicans should frame their talk about the Clinton scandals broadly, as a massive conspiracy to ignore campaign laws which 1) allowed foreign money to enter the American political process in unprecedented ways and 2) apparently led to Administration action in exchange for contributions in several cases.

Beyond that, Republicans should be wary of placing too much faith in the politics of scandal, however framed. A recent piece in the *Wall Street Journal* by the novelist Mark Helprin urged the GOP to devote itself exclusively to Clinton wrongdoing. "One word . . . will lift the fog to show a field of battle clearly laid down," he wrote. "One word. Impeach." But Clinton is a popular lame duck whom Newt Gingrich's House is not going to drum out of office anytime soon. There is simply no substitute for a serious GOP political agenda; Bill Roth generated more political bang with his three days of hearings exposing wide-spread IRS abuse of taxpayer rights than Al D'Amato, Fred Thompson, and Dan Burton have in three years of hearings on the White House. The GOP should be defined not by one word, but by many—words like taxes, IRS, spending, quotas, immigration, abortion.

## Burden of Proof

**T**HE lights of tax reform continue to burn in the offices of House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Bill Archer. Mr. Archer is Congress's leading advocate of a plan to abolish the income tax and replace it with a single-rate 15 per cent national retail sales tax. Lately, spurred by Sen. Roth's Senate Finance Committee hearings on the IRS, Mr. Archer has proposed leg-

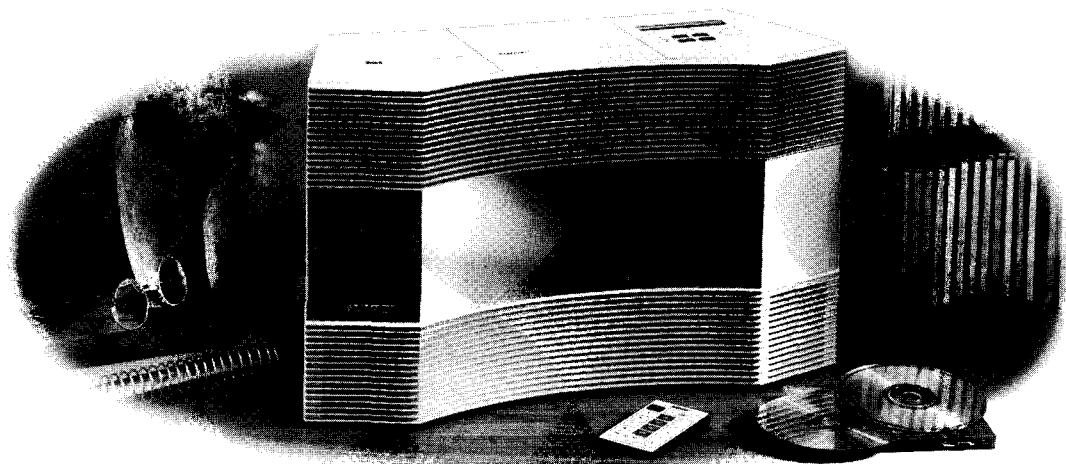


### *The Mrs. Rattles B.A.*

*She's done the macarena,  
Complete with Spanish comb;  
The President was cranky,  
Reviewing moves at home.  
That final night, reprising  
The Hillary of old,  
She gave 'em contraceptives,  
The brands and where they're sold.*

—W. H. VON DREELE

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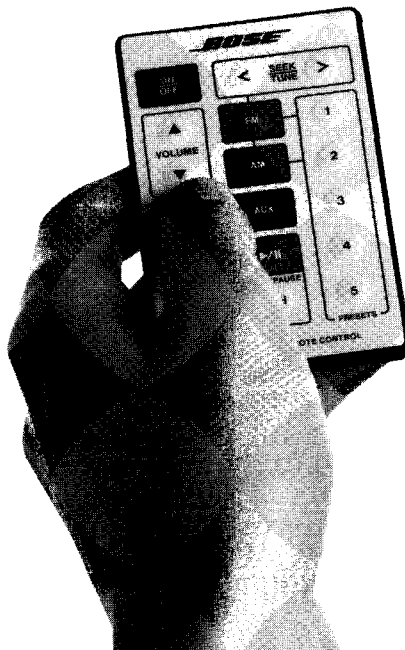
called it the "least intimidating quality sound system ever developed." And now the *new* system is even easier to operate. In addition to the convenient remote control, it has no wires or speakers to hook up. In fact, to experience music the way it was meant to be heard, simply plug it in and press "on" or use the remote control. You can even connect it to your VCR or TV to bring rich Bose sound to movies or programs. The complete system

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isolation ending the presumption that the taxpayer is always guilty. Under the Archer bill, taxpayers would still have to prove their case during an audit, but once the relevant documents were turned over, the burden of proof would be on the IRS.

The Archer bill would also make it easier for citizens to recover legal fees and would provide higher reimbursement rates for fees in cases where the judge winds up ruling against the IRS. Additionally, taxpayers would need to show only that the IRS had been "negligent," rather than "recklessly or intentionally" disregarding the law. Finally, the IRS would no longer be permitted to pay a lower interest rate when refunding overpayments than when billing for underpayments.

By his own description, Archer's bill is designed "to send a chilling effect to the IRS so they don't use government powers to coerce citizens." In this the congressman stands shoulder to shoulder with free-market economic philosopher Friedrich Hayek, who wrote that "the zeal of the administrative agencies to achieve the immediate end they see before them leads them to assume that constitutional limitations and guaranteed individual rights must give way before their zealous efforts." At first, President Clinton did not see it that way. He opposed Archer's bill, which also proposes an independent IRS oversight board that would include private citizens as well as government officials. Democratic House Leader Richard Gephardt, however, showing keener political sense, endorsed the taxpayer-rights bill, thereby setting up a veto-proof majority in the House. Soon afterward, the President boarded the moving train.

But reform-minded Republicans (and Democrats) must keep their eye on the real issue, which is an incomprehensible tax code. Recent debates between Representative Billy Tauzin (15 per cent national retail sales tax) and House Majority Leader Dick Armey (17 per cent flat income tax), which began at the International Conservative Congress in Washington, D.C., sparked great public interest in forums held in Columbus, Ohio; Evanston, Illinois; and Atlanta, Georgia. That said, the best way for

the GOP to harness taxpayer outrage is to resolve the flat-tax/sales-tax debate by year's end and submit comprehensive legislation in early 1998. At least the GOP is showing signs of life on the issue. Our fingers are crossed.

## Bill and Boris (Cont'd)

RUSSIA has sold Iran three state-of-the-art diesel submarines, MiG-29 and Su-24 jet fighters, Tu-22 and Tu-26 bombers, and T-72 tanks. Russia has also sold Iran a light-water nuclear reactor and 2,000 tons of uranium for a nuclear power plant at Bushehr (training for Iranian nuclear scientists included). Now Bill Gertz of the *Washington Times* reports that Russia is helping Iran upgrade and accelerate its ballistic-missile program. Based originally on North Korean designs, Iran's 800-mile-range Shahab-3 and 1,200-mile-range Shahab-4 have both benefited from Russian technology and expertise, to the point where the Shahab-3—which will be able to reach Israel—will be operational within three years. So what is Bill Clinton, who thinks Boris Yeltsin is his "strategic partner," doing about it?

When Vice President Al Gore visited Moscow in September, both Prime Minister Viktor Chernomyrdin and President Yeltsin assured him that Russia was giving no such aid. But Gertz discloses that at the very moment of these assurances a secret Russian production center was completing a deal to supply Iran with more than 1,300 pounds of a special high-strength steel alloy needed to make the Shahab missiles. The Russian official assigned by Yeltsin to persuade the Americans that no such cooperation exists—Yuri Koptev, head of the Russian Space Agency—turns out to have an institutional connection to the Iranian missile program.

No wonder that Congress is looking at legislation to reduce U.S. aid to Russia and sanction Russian enterprises—such as the Space Agency—that engage in lethal commerce with Iran. This is far more serious than the oil and gas investments in Iran that are threatening a crisis with the European Union; even China is showing signs of readiness to curtail military ties with Iran. The Administration, however, clinging to illusions about the Russians, still takes Russian lies at face value.



## Awaiting Mr. Smoothie

*He's not George Bush the Younger,  
Or Steve Forbes, sprouting wings.  
Newt's scary in a fright wig.  
Lamar! has sprung his springs.  
Somewhere there croaks a princeling  
Still spellbound as a frog,  
But so far what's been morphing  
Looks hotly as King Zog.*

—W. H. VON DREELE

## Staying on Track

PRESIDENT Clinton wants Congress to grant him the authority to negotiate a trade agreement with Chile and other South American nations on a "fast track"—i.e., to agree to hold an up-or-down vote on any agreement, with no amendments allowed. Clinton's fellow Democrats are balking, because free trade undermines Big Labor, and hence their partisan interests. Some conservatives, however, are also being short-sighted.

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Republicans rightly insist that trade agreements must not be used as vehicles for expanding labor and environmental regulation, which is Clinton's natural disposition. But they have already extracted substantial concessions from the Administration. Nor would fast track undermine the sovereignty of the United States or the proper role of Congress. Fast track is best understood as an internal procedural rule of Congress, the sort of thing which that body devises all the time. If Congress did not restrain itself in some such manner, trade agreements would either be nibbled to death by parochial interests or, more likely, never reached in the first place. Those who urge that trade agreements be considered as treaties fly in the face of history (they have been treated as revenue meas-



## The Week in Verse

When *Quayle* damned *Murphy Brown* there was no tellin'  
How, five years on, *Gore's* praised for praising *Ellen*.  
The lesson there for everyone to see:  
The hopeful pol does well to love TV,  
And, if he does, however he may trim,  
He can be sure that TV will love him.  
Just look at *Bill*, round whom new scandals brew  
While networks say: "*Republicans* did too!"  
So every time he's down he gets a lift; he  
Can thank *Time*, too, for "*Hillary* at 50."  
Meanwhile, *Miss Reno* says she's hopping "mad"  
That for the hundredth time—damn!—she's been had,  
Her boss forgot to tell her of those tapes,  
And, by coincidence, more blame escapes—  
At least while she another sixty days  
Th' appointment of another *Counsel* weighs,  
Be careful, *Bill* and *Al*! If not ill-*Starred*,  
You'll yet be sorry *Janet's* thinking hard!

As *Clinton* dances sidesteps with such brio,  
'Tis only fit he's Flying Down to *Rio*,  
Our latter-day, political *Astaire*  
Whose skill's his rivals' unredeemed despair.  
He'll show the flag in several *Latin* lands  
And see the sights—and also warm his hands  
Before the glow of popular acclaim  
In places where they only know his name—  
Not *Whitewater*, nor fundraising intrigues,  
Nor all that, back at home, him still fatigues.  
Here, he's abused, not as a partisan,  
But—glory be!—a good *American*,  
Where no one cares for *Fat Cats* he might squeeze  
And no one's heard of *Peyronie's Disease*.  
Here everyone's concerned about *El Niño*,  
And no one gives a thought to *Janet Reño*.  
For all this work, he might not get *Fast Track*,  
But, if indicted, may want to come back.

—JUVENAL

ures originating in the House). If they were treaties, some of these carpers would no doubt be protesting the House's lack of a voice. Least creditably, many Republicans are hanging back because they have, for the first time in months, the power to deny Mr. Clinton something he wants. But opposition for its own sake is unattractive as well as foolish.

If fast track fails, the costs will be strategic as well as economic. A South American common market is already forming without us (*Mercosur*), as is a looser "Rio Group" of 14 Central and South American nations. These reflect the impatience of our neighbors, who are still waiting for the fulfillment of promises by three Presidents (Reagan, Bush, and Clinton) to embrace them in a hemisphere-wide—and U.S.-led—community of prosperity. Meanwhile, the European Union has identified Latin America as "a huge powerhouse of trade and investment potential" and "currently the most dynamic outlet for European exports." The Europeans are moving in aggressively for deals with *Mercosur* and the Rio Group, as are the East Asians. If America blows the opportunity, the vacuum will not go unfilled.

## Three-Drink Limit

AS THE tobacco companies take their hits, the liquor industry seems to be next. Already there are complaints that liquor is over-advertised in inner cities, and that the frogs that croak for Budweiser are aimed at children.

The phenomenon has produced a tangle between Judge Robert Bork and former Education Secretary William J. Bennett. Judge Bork, who wrote an excellent essay for *NR* on the dry martini, sees the assault on drink as a symptom of "virtuocracy . . . the bureaucratization of personal morality," and, while he exempts Bennett from the virtocrat label, he criticizes him for giving virtocrats rhetorical cover. "Taking away what people want because it is bad for them," writes Bork, "lets loose a principle that is very hard to contain." Society should instead assert "an ethos of self-control," primarily through churches. Bennett responds that he is all for self-control, but that communities should also have the right, through zoning laws, to limit the number of liquor ads and liquor stores in their midsts.

There are two forces at work here. One (Bork's "virtuocracy") turns problems over to doctors and lawyers, identifying the bad health effects of products and suing their manufacturers. Regulatory zealots, their puritanism displaced from sex, further the agenda. The other—no less ambitious, but more realistic—recognizes that temperance is a virtue, clean living is a precondition to success in life, and communities should be able to set their own tone, as they once did with respect to pornography. That is common sense (once upon a time, it was called "democracy").

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JAN LUKAS

Bork and Bennett ignore one area of American life where virtucrats reign, and no distinctions are made: the war on drugs. No illegal drug is the equivalent of tobacco or alcohol. Many are more dangerous; some are less; some (e.g., marijuana) have medical uses. Conservatives dismayed by the excesses of anti-smoke and -drink crusaders should be in the forefront of re-analyzing the drug problem, addressing it by self-control and regulation, where prohibition is wrong or has failed. That is one of the messages the citizens of California and Arizona sent when they voted to legalize medical marijuana.

## NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In the "Notes & Asides" section of the July 28 NATIONAL REVIEW, a reader mentions that he leaves his finished issues of our favorite magazine on airplanes, in hopes of enlightening one of the benighted. Suggestion: leave the dead soldier in the magazine rack rather than in the seat-back pocket, which the maintenance crews routinely clean out. It will have a much better chance of reaching someone that way.

This is a form of recycling of which we conservatives can be most proud. I've been doing it for years, ever since I picked up an abandoned copy of Focus on the Family's excellent periodical *Citizen* in an airport waiting area. Unfortunately, I never fly Air Force One.

By the way, does your subscriber list include the House leadership? If not, let me know, and I'll send Mr. Gingrich an early Christmas present, which would probably be his best campaign contribution ever.

With much appreciation,  
Bill Kremer  
Nashua, N.H.

Dear Mr. Kremer: Thanks. But the Speaker is up to his keister in NRs. Why not send a gift subscription to Air Force One? Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In regard to how to politically correctly address a letter ("Notes & Asides," Sept. 29): Rather than "Sir/Madam," I use "Dear One." Quite often I get the reply, "You made my day."

Sincerely,  
Ralph Slovenko  
Detroit, Mich.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In your recent newspaper column on national testing and our nation's lamentable public-education system, you wrote that we "can't reasonably be expected to remedy the situation by asking mothers to procreate brighter students." As a father-to-be whose wife is putting our son

(due January 2) through two hours of daily "sonic stimulation," may I direct your attention to the Prenatal Institute ([www.prenatalinstitute.org](http://www.prenatalinstitute.org)) and the BabyPlus program ([www.babyplus.com](http://www.babyplus.com)) created by the Institute's founder, Dr. Brent Logan?

While it is obviously too early for my wife and me to add our names to the growing list of satisfied customers, we are confident that the "classwomb" education our son is receiving each morning and night will result not only in a brighter student but also in an intellectually, emotionally, and kinesthetically advanced human being—one who "comes into the world not only mentally enriched by the patterns of the rhythmic stimuli, but also has a brain that optimizes human potential."

Rather than go into detail here, suffice it to say that as an entrepreneur with a deep appreciation for the role that science and technology have to play in human development, I hope you will avail yourself of Dr. Logan's pioneering work. Once you've become acquainted with the BabyPlus program, perhaps you will want to help bring additional attention to the study of child brain development (see *Time* cover story, Feb. 3, 1997) and the profound implications that this exciting new science has for the future—perhaps for the true emergence—of *Homo sapiens*.

Expectantly yours,  
David G. White  
Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

P.S.: Though to my knowledge she's not a liberal, my 10-year-old stepdaughter refers to you as "Mr. Bugley."

Dear Mr. White: Well now, we can certainly hope that Junior does better than his 10-year-old sister. Please nudge him to drop me a note when he is 12 or so, and I'll happily (ruefully?) relay the word to NR's readers. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill:

In the brief obit on Justice Brennan (Sept. 1), we learn that my misguided friend ignored five references to the death penalty in the Constitution.

Every schoolboy presumably has memorized the Fifth Amendment. It says that, with certain exceptions, no person shall be held for a *capital* crime without a grand jury's indictment. In a subsequent clause it says that no person shall be put twice in jeopardy "of *life* or limb." Finally it says that no person shall be deprived of *life* without due process of law.

That is three. Where are the other two?

Best regards,  
James J. Kilpatrick  
Charleston, S.C.

Dear Kilpo: In *Griswold v. Connecticut* the Supreme Court found a fourth reference, in *Roe v. Wade*, a fifth. You should read the Constitution more imaginatively. Cordially, —WFB

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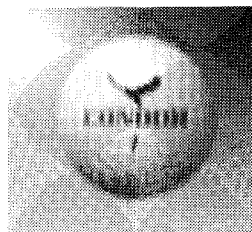
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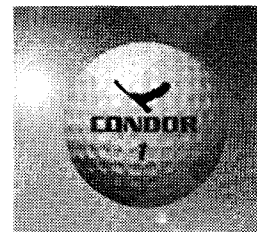
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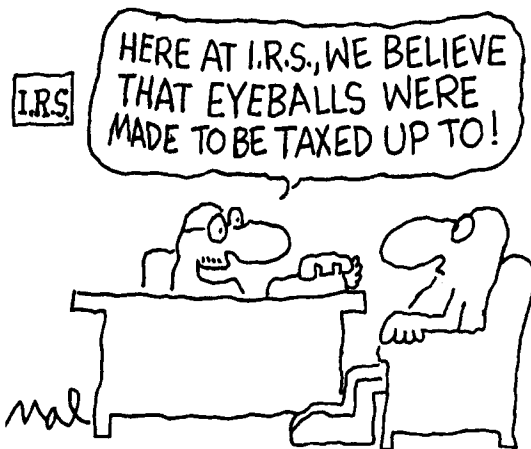
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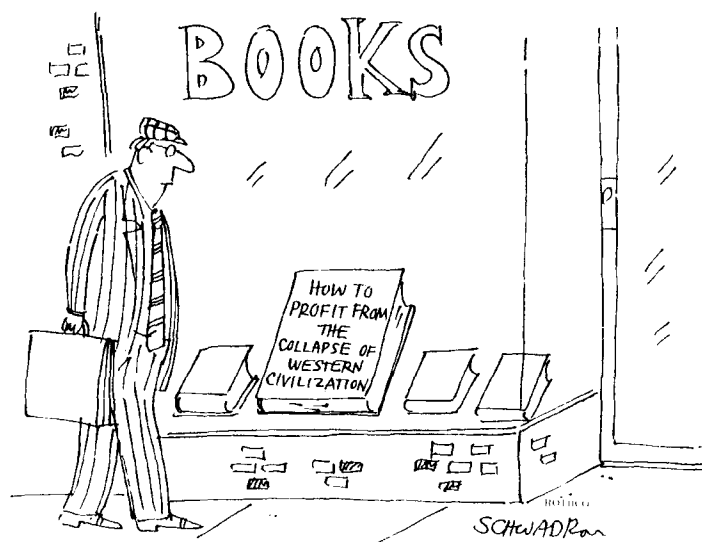
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"From what you've said, your low self-esteem seems justified."



## Scouting China

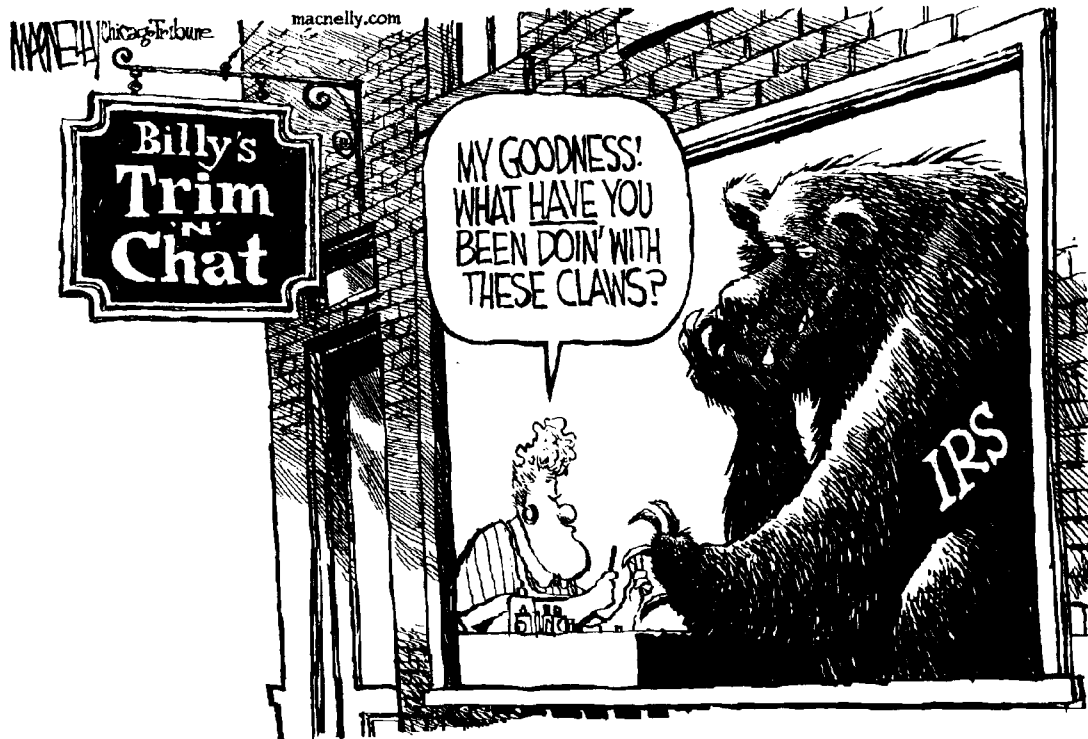
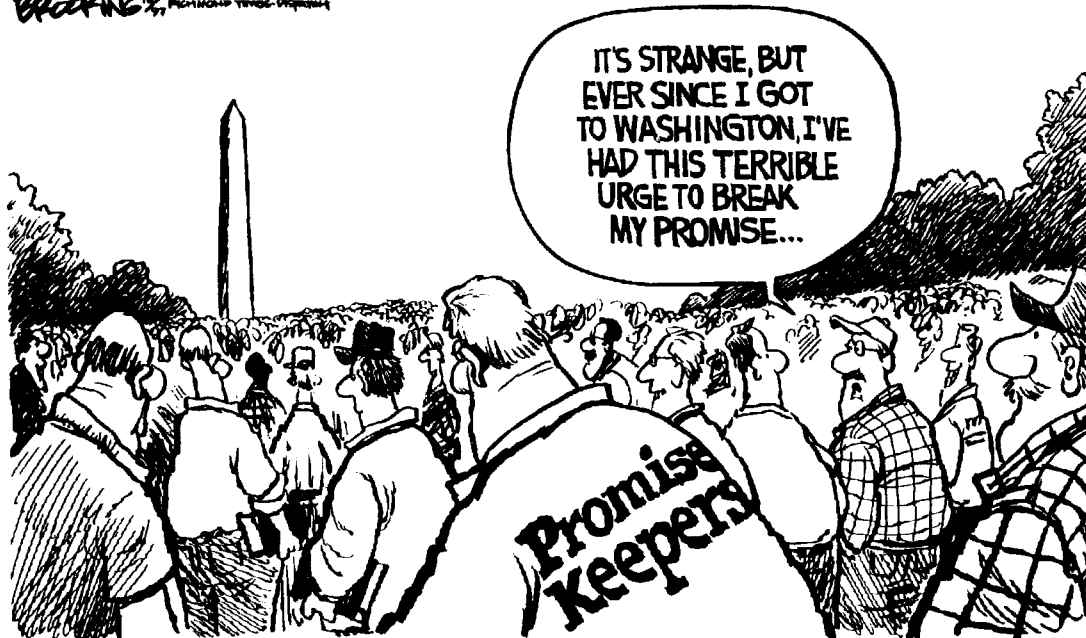
*Greenspan packed binoculars;  
Rubin crept and crawled.  
They were sent to ascertain  
Why the place is walled.  
Both recalled how Joshua  
Tootled Jericho:  
Now their gums and puffy lips  
Feel like pastry dough.*

—W. H. VON DREELE



"Stop with the conquering already! You're spreading yourself thin!"

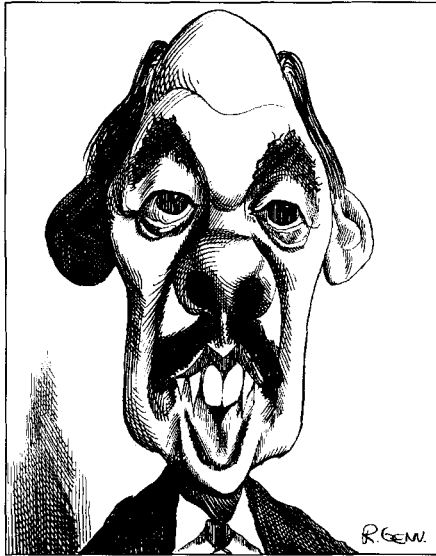
BROOKING 12, PICHONCH TONES-DRUMING



# CAPITAL SCENE

## Defense Counsel

RICH LOWRY



Roman Getty

WASHINGTON, D.C.

IN August, staff from Rep. Dan Burton's House Government Reform and Oversight Committee informally interviewed David Wang, a 1996 donor to the Democratic National Committee. Wang voluntarily confessed that he wrote two \$5,000 checks to the DNC at the behest of John Huang and was reimbursed in cash the same day. But when Burton's staff decided to depose Wang—i.e., to question him under oath in preparation for public testimony—the committee's ranking minority member, Henry Waxman (D., Calif.), balked. "There is no need to impose further burdens on [Wang]," Waxman wrote to Burton. In addition, Waxman publicly decried the fact that Wang had been interviewed without a lawyer present.

Since informal sessions like the Wang interview—conducted not by Burton's GOP staff, but by non-partisan detailees from the Treasury Department—are standard practice in any investigation, Waxman seemed extraordinary solicitous for Wang. But his attitude sud-

denly changed when Wang showed up to testify in October. Waxman sprang a sheaf of documents on him, including a letter he had gotten the night before from John Huang's lawyer asserting that Huang couldn't have been present at a meeting alleged by Wang. Waxman said Wang's testimony "appears to be a fix," and hammered him for alleged "immigration and tax fraud."

Waxman didn't explain what incentive Wang would have had to fabricate the Huang meeting—or why DNC check-tracking records credit his donation to John Huang. But to try to clinch the case against David Wang, Waxman's staff called his father, James Wang (who was supposedly at the Huang-Wang meeting). The staff talked to James Wang, who barely knows English, without an attorney present and tried to get him to contradict his son, sending him a statement to sign attesting that his son was mistaken about the Huang meeting. When James Wang wouldn't sign it, Waxman lawyers signed their own statement alleging that he told them his son was wrong—even though he denies saying any such thing.

The Waxman strategy seemed clear: 1) do anything to keep Wang from telling his story publicly, even if it means defending him more vigorously than his own attorney (who had no problem with the committee's initial interview with his client), 2) then bludgeon him when he shows up as a witness, even if it means adopting a tactic you have just been denouncing (talking to a witness without an attorney). Henry Waxman is running a scandal defense at times more zealous than the White House; he's Johnnie Cochran with a congressional staff and a political agenda. "What he has," says one GOP member of the Burton Committee, "is an unashamed intent to kill an honest investigation, to wreak havoc. It's worse than [Sen. John] Glenn—by a lot."

Along with that intent, Waxman brings a set of political skills honed to razor sharpness during his days in the majority. Adept at playing the media, well staffed, and tenacious, Waxman is universally considered the model for effective congressional politics. And he is perhaps the congressional Democrat least fazed by the GOP take-over of the House. Waxman lost his chairmanship of the Health and Environment Subcommittee of the Commerce Committee but became ranking minority member on the Burton Committee—where he actually gained staff positions. In a sense, Waxman is the last congressional liberal left standing—for the moment, smack in the way of a credible investigation of Clinton fundraising.

Waxman represents a Hollywood district that is one of the most affluent and liberal areas in the nation. Waxman is short and pudgy, an unglamorous representative for his glitzy constituents, but a perfect fit politically. He won election in 1974 and, together with fellow Rep. Howard Berman, forged a well-funded political machine that would have a powerful influence on California politics for two decades. In Washington, Waxman was the first to contribute heavily to fellow committee members in a campaign to win a chairmanship—nosing out a more senior Democrat for his subcommittee chairmanship as a result.

*Waxman is  
Johnnie Cochran  
with a congressional  
staff and a  
political agenda.*

From his subcommittee, Waxman famously increased the scope of the Medicaid program in the dead of night, swelling the federal deficit almost single-handedly. The way he prevailed on this and other issues—clean-air regulations, tobacco—is a study in the effective use of power. "He will use everything at his disposal to kill you," says one Commerce staffer. His success was partly a matter, as one observer puts it, of "personal stamina"; he and his staff were always willing to be last to leave meetings, which in Washington is often the key to victory. And when he couldn't

Mr. Lowry is NR's national political reporter.

win immediately, he'd wait. "It's the Ho Chi Minh approach," says a Commerce staffer. "If [victory's] not in the first year, it's in the fifth."

**W**AXMAN matches his tenacity with an unfailing eye for media politics. "He's a master," says a former Commerce staffer, "at unveiling an issue and giving it national audience." Take tobacco. Waxman had no scruples about trotting out purloined documents to bolster his case. And when he held hearings on the issue in 1994, nothing was allowed to step on the story. Members typically defer to fellow members who want to testify at their hearings. Not Waxman—he shut out pro-tobacco then-Rep. Charlie Rose (D., N.C.). "He had the guts to tell this guy," says a GOP staffer, "Hey, Charlie—sorry." Guess whose story got in the papers the next day?"

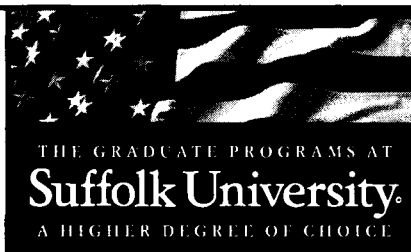
In all this, Waxman is heavily dependent on staff, but that is not a weakness, because his staff is so sharp and committed. His chief of staff, Phil Schiliro, is a seasoned operative who ran for Congress twice himself. When Waxman lost his sub-committee chairmanship, his staff did not migrate to lobbying jobs, but to the federal bureaucracy and liberal advocacy groups. Waxman graduates include: Bill Corr, Donna Shalala's chief of staff at Health and Human Services; William Schultz, deputy commissioner for policy at the Food and Drug Administration; Tim Westmoreland, counsel for the Koop-Kessler tobacco commission; and Greg Wetstone, legislative director at the Natural Resources Defense Council. "These are twenty-year [Waxman] veterans," says a GOP aide, "who are still doing Henry's bidding."

In some cases, Waxman uses the bureaucracy as a kind of way station for his aides. Phil Barnett worked for Waxman on clean-air issues, then went to the Food and Drug Administration when Waxman lost his chairmanship. After Waxman regained staff slots as ranking minority member, Barnett rejoined him as chief counsel. Schiliro and Barnett are the most aggressive staffers on Waxman's scandal team. Waxman seems to have concluded that a damaged White House can't help Democrats regain the House—and himself possibly become chairman of the full Commerce Committee with its enormous resources. Hence his zeal in defending the White House.

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His strategy can be called massive resistance. First, he complains about everything. Waxman has a larger percentage of the staff—25 per cent—of the Government Reform and Oversight Committee than any other ranking minority member ever, but he incessantly carps about his lack of resources. Second, he resists all lines of inquiry. According to committee sources, Charles Ruff and other White House lawyers have been more open to Burton inquiries regarding the coffee tapes and Webster Hubbell than Waxman's staff has. Third, he throws every possible

obstacle in the way of getting witnesses. For a time, he was insisting that Burton staff read a disclaimer more detailed than the *Miranda* warning to anyone interviewed by the committee. Fourth, he plays constantly to the media. In June, Burton's staff were engaged in confidential negotiations with Waxman over deposition authority. The day after Burton produced a draft proposal, it was leaked to Minority Leader Dick Gephardt's office and denounced in the press.

Waxman's behavior on the committee amounts to a litany of bad faith:

—In June, according to a committee source, when Burton's staff planned a trip to Florida to interview a witness, Waxman's chief investigative counsel, Ken Ballen, wanted to be part of it. So a majority staff member, minority staff member, and detailee flew to Florida. Shortly thereafter Waxman wrote a letter blasting the trip as unnecessarily expensive—precisely because so many staffers had been included.

—In July, the attorney for Democratic fundraisers Gene and Nora Lum gave Burton and Waxman staff a hypothetical proffer—a sketch of testimony

## Power of Attorney

ON July 9, attorney Bob Bauer was at his downtown Washington office late talking to a senior aide to Sen. Fred Thompson. The aide wanted to know why Bauer's client, former DNC finance director Richard Sullivan, had seemingly changed his testimony from his frank private deposition to his guarded public testimony. Bauer had a pointed response. "I told him," Bauer recalls, "I would entertain that evening any material discrepancy he believed had developed between the deposition and the hearing testimony. Lo and behold, he didn't have any to offer."

Sullivan had, in fact, drastically changed his tone in a matter of two weeks—just not in a way that would create any "material discrepancy." Republican senators wound up reading to Sullivan from his deposition in order to get him to admit at the hearings what he had told them in private. "Clearly," says a committee staffer, "he was coached by someone or other to be not quite as forthcoming." Sullivan was Thompson's lead witness, and his testimony helped make the crucial opening week of the hearings a debacle.

Bob Bauer's proximity to a partisan disaster is not unusual. His job is to help create them for Republicans and avert them for Democrats—and he is adept at both. For some Washington Republicans, the synonym for Bob Bauer is "focus of all evil." Tough and silver-tongued, Bauer is the Washington political lawyer *par excellence*. "He's very partisan," says GOP lawyer Mark Bra-

den. "But is he good? The answer is, Yeah. He's real good."

Bauer arrived in Washington in 1977 and became a pioneer in the new area of law created by Watergate-era campaign legislation. His political-law group at the D.C. office of the Seattle-based firm Perkins Coie is as plugged in as a Christmas tree. At one point, its offices were simultaneously the address for Dick Gephardt's leadership PAC, Tom Foley's leadership PAC, and Rep. John Dingell's campaign committee. Bauer is close to Gephardt—he was the attorney for his 1988 presidential campaign—and is legal counsel for both the House and Senate Democratic Parties.

While Bauer has become a permanent part of the Democratic establishment, he is also a sharp partisan streetfighter—Clark Clifford with a sting. The Watergate-era rules have made the law a political weapon, and Bauer is an eager warrior. He defended Dick Gephardt in the flap over his North Carolina beach property and Tom Daschle in his Federal Aviation Administration case. He has filed Federal Election Committee complaints against Americans for Tax Reform and the Christian Coalition. And he wrote the 1994 ethics complaint that kneecapped Newt Gingrich.

Bauer played a big—and characteristic—role in the just-concluded Jenkins-Landrieu case. Together with Republican lawyer Bill Canfield, he was charged by the Senate Rules Committee with writing a preliminary report on the Jenkins petition. Bauer drafted a report that recommended an initial investiga-

tion, but a tightly limited one that he and Canfield would conduct. The shrewdly crafted language seemed reasonable enough, but the committee inevitably had to go beyond it. Which played in the press as Republicans rejecting a bi-partisan recommendation. "The report became a political albatross for us," says one GOP staffer.

Bauer's role in the case was sometimes controversial. As counsel to the Democratic Senate Campaign Committee he had, in some sense, represented Mary Landrieu during the very election that is in dispute. Then, at one point during the complicated maneuvering over his investigation, Sen. John Warner (R., Va.) mistakenly stated publicly that Bauer was actually representing Sen. Landrieu in the case—which would have been a blatant conflict with his role as a committee-hired investigator. Bauer made incensed telephone calls to quash the idea. Or as he puts it, "I made it clear very, very, very quickly that I would react very, very, very strongly if something fabricated out of whole cloth was farmed out any more."

With Democratic scandals continuing to blossom, Bauer has no lack of work. One GOP lawyer—who has taped to his office door a newspaper picture of Bauer whispering in Richard Sullivan's ear at the witness table says: "I'm very happy when Bob Bauer is busy. I may be more happy than his partners." The Thompson Committee recently got a new lease on life with the Teamsters scandal. One non-profit group fingered in the series of complicated Teamster financial transactions is called Vote 96. Its lawyer? Bob Bauer. "I'm completely comfortable," he is quick to note, "that no one will find a penny that was not spent the way the law says it should be spent."

—RICH LOWRY

that would be given in exchange for a grant of immunity—on his clients' behalf. The attorney asked that it be kept confidential, and everyone agreed. But, according to a committee source, as soon as committee staff met with Justice Department lawyers, a Waxman lawyer appeared to try to disclose details—apparently in an effort to persuade Justice to object to a grant of immunity.

—On July 9, according to a committee source, Burton staff told Ken Ballen that the committee would refrain from taking depositions from DNC officials Richard Sullivan, Don Fowler, and two others because the Senate had already deposed them. Nonetheless, Waxman fired off a letter to Burton the next day—all Waxman correspondence is for media consumption—indicating his “strong opposition” to plans to depose Sullivan and Co.

In the fundraising investigations, the factor that the White House and DNC

have benefited from most is the lack of cooperation of witnesses; so Waxman has set out to maximize it. The rough public handling of David Wang is a signal to others that going public can be painful. In the deposition of Manlin Fong—used by her brother Charlie Trie as a conduit for illegal contributions—Ken Ballen clearly tries to dissuade her from testifying. He tells her that Democrats “do not feel this deposition today is necessary.” He pointedly warns her that Burton thinks her brother is part of a criminal conspiracy. Finally, he paints a frightening picture of a congressional hearing: “there will be a large room with many congressmen, over 44 congressmen sitting there. You will be at a table in front of them. There may be television cameras. There may be news reporters.” And, he might have added, if you say something too damaging to the White House, Henry Waxman may do just about anything to discredit you. □

## Buying Statehood

RAMESH PONNURU



Luba Kolomyseva

WASHINGTON, D.C. **T**HERE are more lobbyists working on this bill than I've ever seen on anything,” says Eric Pelletier, a counsel to the powerful House Rules Committee. “I get more calls from lobbyists on this bill than on anything else—whether it's FDA reform or tax issues.” He's talking about HR-

856, the United States–Puerto Rico Political Status Act,” which has become the subject of a fierce, mostly behind-the-scenes debate.

The bill, sponsored by Rep. Don Young (R., Alaska) and co-sponsored by 87 others, would have Puerto Ricans decide in a referendum whether they want the island to remain a commonwealth, become the 51st state, or declare independence. The vote could come as early as next year, the centenary of America's conquest of Puerto Rico in the Spanish–American War.

Its supporters have a lot of clout. Speaker Newt Gingrich rarely even votes on bills, but he is the lead co-sponsor for HR-856. At least two dozen firms are lobbying for it, and both Haley Barbour and Harold Ickes are working for it. Not to mention former Sen. Bennett Johnston (D., La.) and former Rep. Robert Garcia (D., N.Y.).

Much of this politicking is tax-funded. The governor of Puerto Rico has a \$250-million fund to play with, and the legislature, dominated by the pro-statehood New Progressive Party (PNP), has given each department of the government money with which to lobby. How

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*Mr. Ponnuru is NR's national reporter.*

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many of the departments push statehood? None of them, technically; all of them, practically.

The bill's core supporters all favor statehood. Indeed, anyone who is unsure about statehood but supports the bill hasn't read the bill carefully. The bill thoroughly rigs the process of "self-determination" in favor of statehood and against the other options.

If Puerto Ricans choose commonwealth status, as they have in all previous referenda, the bill requires another referendum at least once every ten years—until they get it "right." Since pro-independence sentiment on the island is marginal (it got 4 per cent in 1993) and the other two options are running about even, the effect is clearly pro-statehood. (*Independistas* are concentrated in New York and Chicago, which is why they want to let non-islanders of Puerto Rican descent vote in any referendum.)

Chuck Cooper, a Reaganite lawyer working for the pro-commonwealth Popular Democratic Party (PDP), says that the language of the bill "drips with bias against commonwealth status." As does the ballot language the bill stipulates. The ballot implies that under the current commonwealth status, Puerto Ricans' citizenship and constitutional rights exist at the sufferance of Congress. That's not true, but it will certainly frighten some voters.

Even *independistas* like Rep. Luis Gutiérrez (D., Ill.) "are outraged at the unfairness of this bill" toward commonwealth status, according to an aide. Referring to another left-wing Democrat, he says, "It's as if [Nydia] Velázquez and Gutiérrez had written the Contract with America and told Republicans to go out and defend it." Cooper vows to challenge the constitutionality of any vote held under the bill.

He has a handful of allies. Puerto Rico First, representing the Puerto Rican Business Roundtable, is lobbying against the bill and for commonwealth status. Republican consultant Charlie Black is working for the PDP. English First has made opposition to the bill a priority, and House Rules Committee chairman Gerry Solomon (R., N.Y.) scuttled it in the last Congress by insisting on an official-English amendment which supporters regarded as unacceptable. That got Solomon labeled "a Nazi" on the floor of the Puerto Rican House of Representatives by its Majority Leader.

The GOP platform has supported statehood since Eisenhower, largely because the PNP has historically been aligned with the Republicans. Republican presidential candidates—Ford in '76, Reagan and Bush in '79, Dole in '95—pander to this faction to win early support in the primaries. "It has been a rather crude buy-off," says a source familiar with platform negotiations.

Now, Republicans are divided over whether the bill would help or hurt

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*Republicans are  
spooked by their  
declining share of  
the so-called  
'Hispanic vote.'*

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their party. On this issue, as on immigration and affirmative action, they are spooked by their declining share of the so-called "Hispanic vote."

In a recent 222-page memorandum to Republicans on how to re-tool their message, pollster Frank Luntz urged them to support Puerto Rican self-determination as a way to appeal to all Hispanics. His polling question asked, "How important is it that your Member of Congress gives Puerto Ricans the right to vote up or down on statehood?" But Puerto Ricans already have that right; they have held several referenda without congressional prompting. And Luntz's question is hardly a fair description of the bill before Congress. When the National Latino Political Survey ran a poll on the substantive question, it found that most Americans of Cuban, Mexican, and Puerto Rican descent preferred commonwealth status. "Your average Mexican-American couldn't care less whether Puerto Rico is a state," argues Linda Chavez, president of the Center for Equal Opportunity. It subsequently emerged that Puerto Rico's governor, Pedro Rossello, is a client of Luntz's.

Behind the scenes, Sen. Paul Coverdell (R., Ga.) has been urging Republicans to court Hispanics more aggressively but thinks the bill is the wrong way to do it. He may filibuster the bill if necessary. Rep. John Linder (R., Ga.), head of the National Republican Campaign Committee, worries that a Puerto Rican state would send seven

liberal Democrats to Congress. That is presumably why Dick Gephardt was the first signatory to a letter demanding consideration of the bill this month. Rep. Young and Rep. Dan Burton (R., Ind.), however, have taken every opportunity to say that Republicans would actually be competitive.

The fallback position of Republican statehood-booster, to quote a recent anonymous fax, is that "Even If Puerto Ricans Don't Yet Identify With The Republican Party, They Support Conservative Values and Public Policy." They support school choice and tax cuts.

THE confidence of these Republicans in their ideas is refreshing, but perhaps exaggerated given that, in 1996, 2.6 times as many Puerto Ricans participated in the uncontested Democratic presidential primary as in the Republican one. As Rep. Gutiérrez's aide says, "Puerto Rico would definitely be a Democratic state. No doubt about it, no doubt whatsoever. . . . Reagan would have lost his election in Puerto Rico. Clinton would have beaten Dole 80-20 in Puerto Rico."

If Frank Luntz is right that any show of Republican opposition to statehood will be interpreted as "anti-Hispanic," party leaders have a bigger problem than they realize. For it is inevitable that, as the public pays more attention to the issue, substantial Republican opposition to statehood will materialize, whether before the bill passes or when Congress considers a transition plan.

Rep. Young says the result of the referendum would not be binding on Congress. If a majority of Puerto Ricans ever votes for statehood, the President will have to draw up a transition plan within 180 days. Congress will then have to consider that plan under an expedited procedure, with no filibusters and limited amendments. That plan could have the effect of "incorporating" Puerto Rico, i.e., making a legally binding promise of statehood.

But what if Congress were to reject statehood after Puerto Ricans have voted for it? Surely, no party in this dispute wants to breed such unnecessary ill-will. Republicans may yet rue the day they raised this issue.

To date, the national interest has taken third place to moneyed interests and partisan interests in this debate. As a result, the United States is about to get a belated lesson on the costs of empire. □

# BREAD & CIRCUSES

THE day before Reps. Dick Armey (R., Tex.) and Billy Tauzin (R., La.) were due to debate each other on tax reform before the Bakersfield Business Conference, their host received a letter from a local IRS official declaring the forum inappropriate. The letter's recipient commented succinctly, "It's scary."

A few weeks earlier, seven current and former IRS employees had provided dramatic evidence of their own informed fearfulness when they testified before William Roth's Senate Finance Committee from behind screens with their voices distorted—like witnesses against the mob.

Her own familiarity with the current system led former IRS Commissioner Shirley Jackson to conclude, "We have reached the point where further patchwork will only compound the problem. It is time to repeal the Internal Revenue Code and start over." Her predecessor, Fred Goldberg, calls the current tax system "grotesquely burdensome and monstrous."

In reaction to the Bakersfield incident Dick Armey said, "This has strengthened my resolve to scrap the current tax code and replace it with a flat tax." And so he and Tauzin have continued to travel the country debating the comparative merits of a flat tax and a national sales tax. A NATIONAL REVIEW editorial last issue took the same tack: it recommended capitalizing on the public outrage over IRS abuses by moving quickly to establish a tax-reform commission.

But conservatives risk undermining the whole project of tax reform by failing to prepare the ground. If they advance tax-reform proposals prematurely, they will lose the opportunity to use the IRS as a stark symbol of the failure of big government.

Americans are generally aware that the IRS is the best demonstration going of the dangers of unchecked bureaucratic power. But there is little evidence of a national consensus that tax reform is the remedy for its abuses. Republicans them-

selves don't enjoy a consensus on how this reform could best be accomplished. It was Steve Forbes's GOP rivals last year who were the fiercest opponents of his flat-tax proposal. And as with the balanced budget, this is an issue the Democrats could steal by endorsing the goal of "tax simplification."

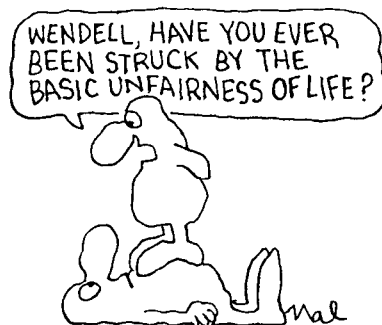
In three days of testimony before the Roth Committee a handful of aggrieved taxpayers were finally able to tell



lawmakers about their nightmarish ordeals at the hands of arrogant IRS agents and managers. Their stories were compelling and widely publicized; within a week the committee had received similar complaints from two thousand others. There is clearly no shortage of aggrieved taxpayers.

Many more of them should be heard from, in order to counter the suggestion that abuses are anomalies, easily corrected by more diligent oversight.

Two years ago, Grace-Marie Arnett served as executive director of the Kemp Commission—officially, the National Commission on Economic Growth and Tax Reform—which examined the current system and developed principles for tax reform. Miss Arnett's experiences on that commission and as senior policy advisor to Steve Forbes in 1996 convinced her that tax reformers haven't yet made politically feasible the kind of reform that is needed. As far as the public record is concerned, only four taxpayers have told short stories about the IRS. Miss Arnett recommends, "Let's make it a thousand-page novel."



Miss Arnett points out that every solution has problems of its own. Hence, "unless people are angry and informed enough they are unable to make the hard choices reform demands." Only when there is agreement on broad principles like fairness, neutrality, simplicity, and visibility should specific proposals be outlined. During 1995 and 1996 she learned that "We must eliminate the IRS" is a sure applause line; "We need a flat tax" is not."

THE experience of Rep. Bill Paxon (R., N.Y.) with promoting tax reform tells him too that the ground must be prepared before complex reforms can take root. In the mid Eighties, as a state legislator, Paxon was the lonely sponsor of a bill to eliminate New York's tax system and piggyback on the federal system instead. He recalls that the merits of his reform needed a lengthy explanation, which was easily overcome by a 30-second soundbite.

Rep. Paxon is concerned that Republicans "not get too caught up in what our solution might be before we have built a case that there is a problem." He would like to see the hearings on IRS abuses duplicated next year in the hope that widespread attention would launch "a great national debate on what a new system should look like." To underscore his commitment to tax reform, Paxon is sponsoring a bill that would sunset the tax code on December 31, 2000.

Some Senate Republicans have expressed interest in holding field hearings on IRS abuses and the complexity of the code, and House members are being encouraged to host town-hall meetings during the winter recess.

Paxon sees detailed evidence of the abusiveness of the IRS and the incomprehensibility of the code as important not just because of the potential for tax reform, but also to make the IRS the symbol of big government. "The IRS is the best issue for Republicans to highlight the problem with the size and intrusiveness of government," he says. In the past three years Republicans have mostly abandoned their traditional objections to big government and have concentrated on eliminating the deficit. But if Republicans heed Paxon's advice and recommit themselves to smaller government, they could put themselves in a position to weaken seriously the IRS and other agencies that threaten our property rights and personal freedoms.

—KATE O'BEIRNE

# GEKKO

AS YOU know, Paula Jones's lawyers have asked all women who have had sexual relations with Bill Clinton to come to Washington to give depositions. They're calling it the Million Woman March.

■ I went down to D.C. myself just the other week to go to a Cato Institute monetary conference. Apart from the mud-wrestling between the proponents of floating rates and the gold-standard advocates (X-rated), the featured event was Alan Greenspan's address. I've been listening to Greenspan for years, but it was only this time that I came to fully appreciate his style. Folded in between the monotonous vanilla custard of Central Banker Speak are surprisingly large helpings of ground glass. The speech to the Cato gathering had two targets that I could detect: my old friend Mohammed Matathir, the prime minister of Malaysia, and Myron Scholes, a fellow econometric geek who had just won the Nobel Prize in economics. Matathir, of course, took some strokes of the split-bamboo cane for his attempted evasion of responsibility for his country's financial problems.

Myron, who probably has only an eight-figure annual income as consolation when the Nobel money runs out, was one of the co-inventors of the Black-Scholes option-pricing model back in the Seventies, which shows how long it takes news to reach Oslo or Stockholm. The B-S model, engraved in both software and hardware, is worshiped by every derivatives trader and hedger. I believe they sacrifice an ox each week to Myron in front of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange.

Greenspan, however, seems to take seriously that commandment about other people not having any other gods before him, and hinted that this space-time continuum isn't big enough for both him and Scholes. As he said at Cato, "There are, however, limitations to the statistical models used in [risk management] systems owing to the

necessity of overly simplifying assumptions. Hence, human judgments, based on analytically looser but far more realistic evaluations of what the future might hold, are of critical importance in risk management. Although a sophisticated understanding of statistical modeling techniques is important to risk management, an intimate knowledge of the markets . . . is turning out to be far more important."

The moment he finished, the room got awfully quiet, the way it did in the old Westerns when Black Bart laughed at The Kid for ordering a sarsaparilla in the Last Chance Saloon. Some of the monetary economists edged through the swinging door to get out of the way.

See, Greenspan has a point. The simplistic use of models of risk for options, futures, and other more complex derivatives can deceive people who use them uncritically as ways to cover their behinds from the regulators or credit committees. But Myron Scholes knows, for example, that fixed-income price changes are not normally distributed the way they're assumed to be in his original model. You can tell that because he and his partners at Long Term Capital in Greenwich, Connecticut, have just returned several billion dollars of capital and profit to their investors because they're tired of answering questions and they don't need the money. If Scholes used only the B-S model, he wouldn't have had an edge on his competition and little if any profit to send back.

The really entertaining moment for all of us will come when all of those speculators and hedgers who don't know the



*"It's up to you, but my advice is long-term growth stocks."*

limitations of risk models find out how they really work. It'll be like a schoolyard of nine-year-old boys let loose in a Special Forces armory. We had a small-scale demonstration along these lines just ten years ago as I write. When the main event comes, I have a feeling that any goldbugs left alive will be one-eyed men in the kingdom of the blind.

■ Contrarians like me have also been interested in trial balloons being floated in Japan about the yen being used as a reserve currency. Again, the idea is to replace the dollar, the use of which as a medium of exchange by Asian governments and banks serves the nefarious interests of Anglo-Saxon-Picto-Celtic-Semitic types like my friends. Or so Mr. Matathir would have it.

The yen as a reserve currency is not going to happen. In fact, as Ray Dalio and his fellow monetary researchers at Bridgewater Associates point out, its use as a reserve currency has been declining in recent years. But there is a much better place to place your marker—on a short position in the Japanese Government Bond. Don't hedge the currency—bet against the yen at the same time. Not only will the Japanese government be forced into a "neutral" fiscal policy by next year—bigger deficits, in other words—but the yen is going to continue to drift down against the dollar. The Japanese economy needs all the stimulus it can get in the short and medium term, and the Japanese civil servants who worry about the long-term effects of deficit spending will soon be pushed to the side by desperate politicians. At the moment, the benchmark 3 per cent JGB of 2005 is yielding below 1.7 per cent. Now the technical analysts, to whom I usually defer, say this is a little early to put this bet on. But the cost of this particular short position is low, and the possibility of sudden shocks is rising. So, *pace* the chartists, I think this is a good position.

■ As *The New Yorker* has reported, Bill Clinton would like to move to California after he leaves the Presidency, while Hillary wants to go back to Illinois to run for the Senate. The smart money says the decision will be up to the sentencing judge. Anyway, I am now trying to automate my way into answering the 450-plus e-mails I got in response to my Princess Diana joke offer. I remain yours at [dizard@msn.com](mailto:dizard@msn.com)

—JOHN DIZARD

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Roman Gern

VIENTIANE

SINCE Britain's withdrawal east of the Suez, the United Nations Development Program is the world's largest source of development grants, with a budget of more than a billion dollars and offices in 150 countries and territories. "Development," the UNDP mission statement asserts, "is inseparable from the quest for peace and human security." In recent years, with UN peacekeeping missions ending in repeated embarrassment, senior UN officials, including UNDP administrator James Gustave Speth, have proposed that development should be the UN's primary goal.

The UNDP has been in the Lao Peoples' Democratic Republic since 1976. On the face of it, Laos is the archetypal candidate for development assistance; the country has been ravaged by centuries of invasions, indifferent colonial rule, hapless proximity to the strategic theaters of the Vietnam War, and ruinous socialist experiments. Independence from France, in 1949, inau-

gurated more than two decades of coups and civil infighting. In 1975, following the collapse of Phnom Penh and Saigon, the Pathet Lao seized control of Vientiane. Under the Party's administration, the economy has remained in shambles. One in five children dies in infancy; adult life expectancy is barely more than fifty years. Less than half the population is literate. Outside the capital, there is virtually no electricity, no railroads, or even roads; infrastructure is primitive, and crops are regularly wiped out by floods. The countryside is littered with unexploded ordnance from the Vietnam War. The media are controlled by the government, all independent political organization is banned, and dissenters are imprisoned.

The UNDP charter emphasizes what it calls "sustainable development" and "capacity building"—the training of indigenous people in the skills necessary to design and manage their own social and economic transitions. To this end, the UN mission in Laos coordinates aid from donor countries and other organizations, participates in planning meetings with government officials, and aids the government in conducting studies and workshops, often sponsoring foreign technical consultants to supervise projects. It was in this last capacity that I had been hired, although it was not clear precisely what project I would supervise.

Because I had been a journalist, my supervisor at the UNDP, an affable American named Jeffrey, proposed on my arrival that I work as a consultant to the government's weekly English-language newspaper, the *Vientiane Times*. The paper had been founded as part of the opening of the country to foreign investors; its intended audience was not Laotians, but foreigners with capital. Yet among those foreigners, the paper was

an object of mirth. It was a hopelessly unreadable rag, propaganda interrupted only by the occasional feature article about a villager who could play the Lao flute through his nostrils.

Jeffrey warned me that my predecessor, an Australian named Catherine, had found the *Vientiane Times* trying. The editor-in-chief was extremely sensitive to criticism from Westerners; Catherine had left the paper in a cloud of mutual recrimination. "She didn't understand that this is a Communist country," he told me. "They don't have freedom of the press here. But really, Claire, it's not such a bad job. You just have to do what they say and smile a lot."

The newspaper was in a dingy, decaying building in the center of Vientiane, with one overflowing toilet by the main door. It was windowless. In the corner sat a round-faced and expressionless Party official of middle years whose job was to supervise the ideological content of the newspaper. He sat solemnly at his desk, directly across from mine, reading contraband Thai newspapers. The staff were a group of university students, mostly children of Party members. The editor-in-chief, a senior Party apparatchik, was uncomfortable in English and explained my duties to me in French. The Lao staff would do research, and I was to help them make their stories *raffinées*.

THAT afternoon, the son of a prominent government official approached me with an article. He was, like many young Laotians, endearingly shy, and smiled nervously as he placed his article in my hands. "Yambean," it began, "is very popular food, and is good selling in the market, said Lakamsou, is gardener." The text continued in the same vein. As I soon established conclusively, none of the students had more than a rudimentary grasp of English. This should have been no surprise; the Pathet Lao had until recently imposed a regime of strict isolation from the West; no Laotian of his age would have studied English in school. I was nonetheless surprised to discover that no one on the staff spoke English even to the point necessary to have produced the issues I had read. Clearly, someone else—a Westerner, probably—had been writing the paper.

In fact, it had been another development worker, a gentle Canadian woman who had written the entire paper every week. Her eagerness to please had made

Miss Berlinski is a freelance writer.

her popular at the *Vientiane Times*; she had been rewarded with a desk job at the UN mission's Vientiane headquarters. She told me that the paper had been written, since its inception, entirely by foreigners; the government, finding this a convenient and economical arrangement, had not arranged for a single Lao national to be trained to do the job.

Inspired by the handsome philosophy of sustainable development and capacity building, I suggested to the editor-in-chief that I might give a course in basic English, using as teaching modules a series of seminars about journalism. I drew up a teaching plan. Later that day, I found my plan in the afternoon trash.

The editor-in-chief called my supervisor to complain that he didn't need Westerners telling him how to run his newspaper. I was summoned to Jeffrey's office. "This job," he told me, "isn't about telling these people what to do. This job is about building good relations

*The editor called my supervisor to complain that he didn't need Westerners telling him how to run his paper.*

with the government. This job is about keeping the government happy. Your job is to go over there and be a good little soldier. Don't get on their nerves, and do what they say."

On the next day, I was given a story about a local garbage collector who was evidently in state of rapture, for it was the late President Kayson Phommavhane's birthday. Kayson was the architect of the Pathet Lao victory in 1975. The Party instituted centralized economic decision making, with predictably disastrous results, and, after taking control of the media, sent thousands of Laotians to re-education camps. Ten per cent of the population fled. It was precisely because the entire class of educated Laotians was forced into exodus that there was now not a single young Laotian capable of producing a newspaper. I did not actually point this out, but I suspect the editor-in-chief sensed my disapproval. He demanded that I be replaced. My first assignment in development work came to an ignominious close.

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Jeffrey had concluded that I should be kept from jobs where I might again offend the government, and proposed that I be moved to the headquarters and put to use editing reports. He asked me to revise an evaluation of the Lao judiciary, written by another UN technical consultant, one of Jeffrey's professors from Harvard. The professor had no specialized knowledge of Laos, nor of its history, economy, political life, or social

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structure. He spoke no Lao. His assistant was the UN Resident Representative's daughter, who had no legal training, nor indeed any professional qualification. The consulting team had neither traveled to the provinces nor spoken to villagers. The professor had been flown, business class, to Laos from the United States. He had stayed in Vientiane's best hotel, on a living allowance of \$140 per diem. After toasts with UNDP and government officials, he had been flown home, his total contact with the country about three weeks. The cost of the consulting exceeded \$100,000. The report, submitted months late, was a masterpiece of unintelligible jargon. The professor had long since returned to Cambridge, and now refused to answer Jeffrey's phone calls.

I was next asked to rewrite a series of environmental proposals submitted by a Swedish consulting group. The consultants were friends of the UN Resident Representative. They had been escorted, in chartered helicopters, to meetings with government officials throughout the country. This research had led them to a number of careful conclusions about the Lao environment, foremost among them that it would be best served by the hiring of more Swedish consultants and the writing of more Swedish reports. This report, too, was unintelligible; it had been translated from the Swedish by means of an English-Swedish dictionary, word for word.

Shortly thereafter, a program officer from the rural development division wandered into my office. He asked me if

I knew of anyone who could edit another report for him. I replied grudgingly that I supposed I could. "Oh no," he exclaimed brightly, "we need a professional editor because it's in our budget." I asked how much had been allocated. "Five thousand dollars," he replied. I glanced at the report; it was a two-day project.

Not long before my arrival, at a conference organized by the Resident Representative, a senior Lao official had been presumptuous enough to say what everyone in the Lao government feels: "Why doesn't the UNDP stop spending all its money on reports and consultants and meetings like this and just give it to us instead?" A shocked silence fell upon the room. The man was demoted at the next Party reshuffle, presumably for having bit the hand that fed him.

Not all the UN's resources were invested in hiring consultants to write and edit reports. A great deal of money was simply handed over to the government. But where it went was a mystery. The disorganization of the Lao bureaucracy made it nearly impossible to keep tabs on the influx of donor aid. According to Decree 162 of the Lao National Assembly, for example, any person or group in Laos is permitted to approach any donor for assistance. In practice, the decree allows provincial governors to ask donors for aid already requested by the central government. Governors can, moreover, solicit aid for the same purpose from multiple donors, and often do. When the aid arrives, in duplicate or triplicate, none of the donors are informed about the others. The UN cannot demand greater accountability: it exists, as I had been reminded by my supervisor, to support the governments of developing countries, not to tell them what to do.

The government felt sufficiently assured of foreign aid that it often could not be bothered to draft its own letters requesting financial assistance. UN agencies did it for them. These requests had to be worded so as to avoid offending the Party's exceptionally delicate sensibilities. Descriptions of Laos as a one-party state were penciled out, and replaced by the phrase "strong leadership." "You have to be careful what you say around here," Jeffrey told me. "They're very sensitive."

The UNDP spent much of what remained of its resources on bizarre conferences. While I was there, 120 UN staff members were treated to a weekend

at a luxury hotel in Thailand, where employees were asked to participate in role-playing games about development. The Resident Representative shared his feelings about development through skits and a song. Planning these conferences could occupy a dozen staffers for several weeks.

Surely the most extraordinary document I encountered in Laos was a memorandum from the United Nations Office for Outer Space Affairs. "As you well know," it read, "the United Nations Programme on Space Applications was created to assist developing countries in the understanding and utilization of space technology for their economic development and to promote indigenous capacity at the local level." The memorandum encouraged the UN mission in Laos to send envoys to regional conferences, training courses, and workshops in order to strengthen Laos's technical infrastructure in space science.

At any given moment, I was told by a senior UN official, as many as half the country's top-level officials were out of the country attending UN conferences, seminars, or workshops. The ministers could hardly be blamed for finding these expeditions appealing; the per diem spending allowance for trips to Geneva, Tokyo, or Rome exceeded their monthly salary. Few Lao officials could speak or understand any UN language, but this was not considered an impediment.

**D**URING the time I was there, hearings were held on a proposal to build a massive dam in central Laos, on the upper Theun river. It was to be funded by UN agencies. Every environmental organization that did not stand to profit from the contracting denounced the Nam Theun II project, certain that it would wreak catastrophic damage on the Nakai plateau and disrupt the fisheries and agriculture upon which thousands of villagers depended. The project, like those before it, was expected to enrich only a handful of Lao elite. The government's original flood estimates had been exposed by a Bangkok newspaper based on the wrong topographical maps. The forcible resettlement of indigenous populations was, a senior UN official confided to me, leading to more deaths from malaria, diarrhea, and other disorders of dislocation than all the deaths from accidental ordnance detonation.

Such stories were common. The UN had promoted the construction of roads to permit inter-village commerce, yet as

soon as roads were built, trucks stacked with logs had begun streaming out of the forest, one of the last intact, contiguous areas of tropical cover in Southeast Asia. Living regally on the proceeds was General Cheng, a singularly venal Party official known for murdering anyone who noted that the logging was an obscenity. Paramilitary logging conglomerates had become warlords in the countryside. The deforestation may have caused the flooding that destroyed rice crops several years running, leaving almost 140,000 peasants without food.

These debacles were not isolated incidents. They were the natural consequence of the development industry's essential ideology. Development assistance rests on the proposition that the UNDP is in a position to determine the path development should take. Most UNDP employees move from country to country in quick rotation. Perhaps one in ten UNDP employees spoke passable Lao. None had lived for any length of time with a Lao family. When I arrived, I asked if it would be possible for me to do so, and was told by my colleagues that it would make the family uncomfortable, no UNDP staff member ever had, and besides, the government would not approve of it.

Before coming to Laos, I had worked as a journalist in Bangkok. Sitting in traffic for hours at a stretch each day gave me personal cause to consider the costs of rapid economic development. Thailand has, in the past twenty years, realized the goals the UNDP is striving to achieve in Laos, such as longer life expectancy, higher wages, and decreased infant mortality. But these achievements came at an enormous price. Bangkok is a filthy, Stygian hellhole; traditional rural ways of life have collapsed; AIDS, in part a consequence of large-scale social alienation, is epidemic. Thailand's tree cover is gone. Thailand is eager to participate in the development of Laos precisely because no matter how frivolous the project, the contractor who executes it has the right to clear trees. Given this, I began to wonder, were foreign-aid workers truly in a position to decide what progress was, and what price Laos should pay for it?

**I** WAS unwilling to give full voice to my doubts, for my life there was seductive. I lived in a way I could never hope to in the West, enjoying a rare combination of luxury and exoticism. My salary and benefits were gener-

ous by any standard, but lavish in the context of Laos, where per-capita yearly income is less than \$350. I was enamored of Vientiane, with the sagging mansions built by French colonists, with the mysterious curled script, with the antique merchants who sold porcelain opium pipes that resembled flutes. My marble terrace overlooked a lush garden of mango and papaya trees. My bedroom overlooked the golden spires of a dilapidated Buddhist temple; in the morning, the temple monks would ring bells and chant. At nightfall the scent of jasmine entered my room.

Like all UN employees, I had a cohort of servants. Jeffrey warned me—in all seriousness, I think—not to spoil them. The UN, to my surprise, paid for them directly; they were itemized in the budget as watchmen, as if to suggest that they were responsible for my security rather than my cooking and laundry. One of my servants, Nouane, was a veteran of Dienbienphu. The UNDP paid him \$90 each month, on which he supported his cousins, daughters, sister, and nephews. I cannot say that I ever did anything for Nouane but tip him well when I left. In fact, I cannot claim that I renounced any of the extraordinary UN perks, or that I left Laos in any manner better off than I had found it.

The sense among other expatriates was that the UNDP was profligate, to be sure, but that it could always be worse. However, there was one expatriate with more guts than I. Some time after I left, someone published a parody of the *Vientiane Times*, with headlines such as "Nam Theun II Dam to Eradicate Brain Tumors in Laos," and articles assuring the public that villagers resettled under the dam scheme would receive "health care, schools, clean drinking water, irrigated rice paddies, mechanized farm machinery, their own Internet connections, satellite TV, microwave ovens, weed-whackers, and the latest in fashionable swim wear and snorkeling equipment—for those occasional trips back to the old village to pay respects to the ancestors." The publication was a scandal, tremendously embarrassing to the government and the apologists for the dam. All of Vientiane was seized with animated gossip about who had written it; it was understood that the culprit, when caught, would be thrown out of the country. Many people believed I had written it. I confess now that I didn't. But how I wish I could take the credit. □

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# Wave of the Future?

*As abortionists hit the Web,  
America is being brought face to face  
with what used to be a back-room secret.*

GREGG L. CUNNINGHAM

ANYONE who wonders whether America still has any sense of moral seriousness should download the website of abortionist George Tiller, accessible at <http://www.gynpages.com/whcs/index.html>. After browsing through photos of his "operating suite," you can read Tiller's bland acknowledgment that he kills babies at 37 weeks' gestational age. For the arithmetically challenged, that's the ninth month of pregnancy. "Baby," by the way, is Tiller's term; he will even refer to his victim as a "child." More alarming than his abandonment of pretense that fetuses are not human is its failure to provoke discernible public outrage.

Tiller is by no means the only abortionist killing near-full-term babies, and there are plenty of other abortionists on the Net. But none of his colleagues showcase their handiwork with such self-promotional audacity. Tiller is either completely contemptuous of public opinion or convinced that the public is beyond caring. Either way, his global ads seem to be reaching their target audience; German and Japanese television teams recently visited his home base, Wichita, in search of interviews concerning the European and Asian women who are making the long journey to engage his grisly services. He recently doubled the size of his abortion clinic, and approximately tripled his killing capacity.

It is difficult to confer clinical respectability on the killing of a neonate, but Tiller takes a shot with the Orwellian term "fetal indications termination of pregnancy." The idea is that certain disorders are so serious that there is no point attempting to prolong the child's life. Among these conditions are several maladies which are not fatal and in fact may be only mildly disabling. Tiller names "encephalocele" (hernia of the brain) for instance, which *The Merck Manual*

says "can be repaired, and the prognosis is good for many of these patients." He also cites "hydrocephalus" (water on the brain) concerning which *Diseases of the Newborn*, by Schaffer & Avery, says that with few exceptions "every infant with neonatal hydrocephalus should be treated surgically . . . [and] 86 per cent of infants survived following their shunt placement. Of these infants, 46 per cent were reported normal on follow-up."

Tiller also matter-of-factly observes that the average age of the more than a thousand late-term babies he has killed

is 27 weeks (or the seventh month of pregnancy). Meanwhile, the neonatal intensive-care unit at Via Christi Hospital in Wichita cares for preemies born at 24 and 25 weeks' gestation. Indeed, babies born earlier than that often survive nowadays; the *New York Times* (May 16, 1997), citing the National Center for Health Care Statistics, reports that approximately 15 per cent of babies born at 22 weeks will survive, 25 per cent at 23 weeks, 42 per cent at 24 weeks, and 57 per cent at 25 weeks.

OF COURSE, these babies require intensive care, and Tiller apparently thinks that a baby who can't survive without help is not entitled to survive at all. A story in the

*Kansas City Star* (August 26, 1991) quoting Tiller spokeswoman Peggy Jarman said that "elective abortions should be considered acceptable into the 26th week because these fetuses are not capable of surviving outside the womb without artificial life supports. 'You're talking about the difference between natural survival and intensive care. . . .'"

In the same interview, Miss Jarman admitted that "about three-fourths of Tiller's late-term patients are teenagers who have denied to themselves or their families that they were pregnant until it was too late to hide it"; abortions are performed on them with no reference to health problems in either the baby or the mother. Since Tiller's web-



*Mr. Cunningham is the executive director of the Center for Bio-Ethical Reform.*

site lists the average age of the mothers on whom he performs his fetal-abnormality abortions as 29 years, there can't be much overlap between these two groups. This admission raises the possibility that Tiller could be killing as many as three healthy late-term babies, being carried by healthy mothers, for each "disabled" child he aborts.

One of the conditions for which Tiller says he "terminates" is Trisomy 21—the scientific name for Down's Syndrome. Yet according to *World* magazine (January 18, 1997), of the 250,000 Americans currently living with Down's Syndrome, most score in the "mild to moderate" range of mental retardation, and most can learn to read, hold jobs, and live independently. Ought they to have been executed?

The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) report that in the 1980s, abortion reduced the number of children with Down's Syndrome born to white women over 35 in the metropolitan Atlanta area by about 70 per cent. As someone recently put it, eugenics is still a dirty word but it has become a common practice.

But don't Down's Syndrome babies put a tremendous strain on other family members? The National Committee for Adoption reports that "there is a waiting list of screened families who want to adopt seriously disabled newborns, including babies born with Down's Syndrome and spina bifida." (The latter disability is also among Tiller's conditions warranting abortion.) Most of the parents who don't want these children could place them for adoption by having them delivered alive at the same point in the pregnancy at which Tiller is killing them.

Even with adoptive homes available, there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of parents who, contemplating the prospect of a severely deformed or retarded child, say they wish "to spare my baby a life of hardship." But how are we to decide what will lead to intolerable hardship? As George Will has frequently written regarding his son Jonathan, and as I can attest from the observation of a good friend of mine, people with Down's Syndrome appear to be among the happiest people on the planet. As for babies with spina bifida, an article in the *New England Journal of Medicine* in 1985 said that, following surgery, "72 per cent were ambulatory and 79 per cent had normal intellectual capacity." Orel Hershisser would have been lost to the world if his parents had known that spina bifida is an "intolerable" condition.

Nor is there much to be said for what on the face of it is a strong reason for aborting: to preserve the health of the mother. In May of 1997 the Board of the American Medical Association approved a report finding that, "Except in extraordinary circumstances, maternal health factors which demand termination of pregnancy can be accommodated without sacrificing the fetus, and the near certainty of the independent viability of the fetus argues for ending the pregnancy by appropriate delivery."

ONE reason frequently given for the toleration of large-scale abortion of birth-defective infants is that the cost of caring for them is unmanageable. And certainly, there are many cases in which such costs, if they had to be borne by the family alone, would be crush-

ing. But a recent article in the *New England Journal of Medicine* put the annual figure for the country as a whole at \$2 billion. That's less than the \$2.3 billion Americans spend each year on chewing gum. The CDC estimates that care for people with Down's costs \$1.8 billion per year. That is about half the \$3.4 billion we spend each year on cookies.

It is, in other words, a question of priorities—and America's today do not seem to be human-centered. The Pet Industry Joint Council says we spend around \$63 billion each year on the acquisition, food, training, grooming, etc. of our pets.

Perhaps more to the point, on May 11, 1997, the Associated Press reported that the San Francisco SPCA had announced that "no adoptable animal . . . with a treatable disease will be euthanized . . . and it will pay for medical care for an animal with a long-term health problem after it is adopted." Milwaukee, St. Louis, and New York are also

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*The National Committee for Adoption says in a recent press release that 'there is a waiting list of screened families who want to adopt seriously disabled newborns, including babies born with Down's Syndrome and spina bifida.'*

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taking steps to become "no kill" cities. Somehow I don't expect them within the foreseeable future to become "no kill" cities for human babies.

THE EUPHEMISM Tiller uses to describe the actual killing of "disabled" children is "premature delivery of a stillborn." Of course, the baby is "born still" because Tiller has injected his heart with a lethal dose of digoxin. Tiller says this ensures that the child "will not experience any discomfort during the procedure." But most people who have suffered a heart attack—which is what occurs in this case—describe it as an excruciatingly painful experience. One is also left to wonder how much "discomfort" is experienced by the many thousands of younger, healthy fetuses Tiller routinely tears limb from limb before he kills them, without benefit of anesthesia.

As Vincent J. Collins, M.D., professor of anesthesiology and author of the textbook *Principles of Anesthesiology* (Third Edition, Williams and Wilkins, 1992) reminds us, neurological structures necessary to feel pain, pain receptive nerve cells, neural pathways, and the thalamus of the brain begin to form eight weeks after fertilization and become functional during the thirteenth week. Collins also teaches that the cerebral cortex is not necessary for pain sensation but even if it were, the *New England Journal of Medicine* (November 29, 1987) reports cortical function in both hemispheres of the brain by twenty weeks. That is much younger than the average "fetal indications" baby Tiller admits to killing.

Actually, the efficiency of the killing process is important

to late-term abortionists for reasons quite apart from concern for the pain felt by the baby. In instances where babies have inconveniently survived the abortion procedure, abortionists have undergone criminal prosecution for killing them *outside* the mother's body. Far safer to remove any possibility that they will survive.

There is also a juris precedential reason for the medical world's toleration of widespread abortion. Newborn babies in intensive care pose major legal risks for treating physicians. University of Chicago neonatologist William Meadow reports in the *Pediatrics Electronic Pages* for May 6, 1997, that most U.S. doctors treating premature babies will be sued for medical malpractice at some point in their careers, no matter how competent they are. It must be tempting to refer high-risk, late-term unborn babies for abortion rather than treat them and risk a law suit.

**I**N ONE of the more macabre sections of his advertisement, Tiller recommends that "couples elect to view or hold the baby after the woman has recovered from the anesthesia." Of course, he concedes that "some couples initially find this a very frightening thought." Indeed.

He also said, in a "Dear colleague" letter dated April 19, 1991, in which he solicited abortion business from referring physicians, that "Patients are encouraged to speak directly to their baby if they wish, and finally to say 'good-bye.' (Not all patients choose to be involved in this process. . . .)" In a 1996 promotional video, Tiller offers patients an opportunity to obtain a "family photo" with them holding their dead baby. He also suggests that, as a memento, they might wish to have a lock of the baby's hair or a fetal footprint.

Even more bizarre is the fact that the Rev. George Gardner, pastor of Wichita's College Hill United Methodist Church and an outspoken Tiller apologist, publicly admits to performing post-mortem baptisms on Tiller's victims. If the deceased aren't babies with souls, what do these parents think they're baptizing? If they are babies with souls, why isn't this infanticide?

On December 9, 1996, a grand jury in Wilmington, Delaware, handed down first-degree-murder indictments against Brian C. Peterson Jr. and Amy Grossberg for allegedly fracturing the skull of their 6-pound-2-ounce newborn baby boy and throwing his body into the trash. Their baby had apparently been born alive. But was his situation materially different from that of babies who are three-fourths born before being killed by "partial-birth" abortion?

Abortion opponents have long used such questions as a way of awakening their listeners to what is going on. The danger is that abortion advocates will turn these questions upside down. In *AMA Prism* (May 1973) Nobel laureate James Watson said, "If a child was not declared alive until three days after birth, then all parents could be allowed the choice . . . the doctor could allow the child to die." Beverly Harrison, professor of Christian ethics at Union Theological Seminary, agrees. In *Policy Review* (Spring, 1985) she said, "I do not want to be construed as condemning women who, under certain circumstances, quietly put their

infants to death." As a practical matter, the utilitarian views of Professors Watson and Harrison aren't where we're headed, they're where we are.

And there is no sign that the direction is about to be reversed. One of the darker consequences of the current effort to map the human genome will be withering pressure to test unborn children for genetic predispositions to certain "disabilities." And why should we stop at Trisomy 21 and spina bifida? If, for instance, as is argued by homosexual advocacy groups, there is a genetic component to homosexuality, how many parents will want their unborn babies tested for the operative gene? In China and

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India, fetuses are already aborted for the defect of being female. And a recent study determined that more than one in ten mothers would abort a child susceptible to obesity.

On April 30, 1997, *USA Today* reported that the city of Brandenburg, Germany, had dedicated a memorial to nine thousand physically disabled, mentally retarded, and other persons deemed "inferior" and "unworthy" by the Thousand Year Reich. They were, as the world grows weary of being reminded, systematically executed in the Nazis' euthanasia program. The former prison building in which the victims were held will now house their memorial. I hope and believe that similar memorials will one day be established in the buildings now occupied by abortionists like George Tiller.

Of course, George Tiller is not the problem. He is only a symptom. The community is the problem; those who take their children to be killed by him and those who make the killing possible by their silence.

This abomination is allowed to continue because there is a great deal of confusion among people of good will as to the circumstances under which early abortions should be legal. But George Tiller's hubris has stripped us of any excuse for confusion over the killing of near-newborns. Those who defend his infanticide for fear of losing their "choice" are taking self-absorption to new and sickening depths.

In January of 1998 a crisis-pregnancy center called Choices Medical Clinic ([www.choicesmc.org](http://www.choicesmc.org)) will open at 538 South Bleckley Street in Wichita, the building next door to George Tiller's abortion clinic. It will be run by pro-life volunteer physicians, nurses, and medical technicians. They will be led by a hospital administrator who resigned from Via Christi Hospital to take this job, although there is, as yet, hardly any money to pay his salary. Please pray for him and his colleagues. You can make money killing babies, but you have to raise it in order to save them. □

# Big Apple Pie

*With his election in the bag,  
Rudy Giuliani needs to worry about  
the future.*

RICHARD BROOKHISER

IN New York City, New Democrats aren't Bill Clinton or Dick Morris. They are Democrats who support Republican mayor Rudy Giuliani for re-election. One reason is opportunism. Their party's candidate is not going anywhere: Manhattan Borough President Ruth Messinger won a humiliatingly narrow victory in a Democratic primary that had the lowest turnout in years. The last time New York re-elected a Republican mayor was 1941, but the next time will be next month. The day after the primary, Mayor Giuliani received the submission of fifty Democrats who recognized this reality at a press conference in City Hall Park.

The party bolters spoke in generalities appropriate to the awkwardness of their situation. A city councilwoman from East New York said she believed that "bringing the city back to where it should be does not have one iota of race or party, but the man who can do the job." A state assemblyman from Bensonhurst said Giuliani came to his district four years ago "and listened very hardy." A labor leader recalled the words of a hymn: "Let the work that I have done speak for me." Let the work that he's done speak for him."

The mayor was there to speak for himself, in relaxed genial tones. This is not typical: the high forehead, the pale skin, the rigid jaw suggest a default mode of controlled fury, varied by uncontrolled fury. The defining fact about Giuliani's youth is that he was a Yankee fan who lived in the Brooklyn of the Dodgers. One day some young Dodger fans even tried to hang him from a tree. But he never recanted. The last time the Yankees and the Brooklyn Dodgers met

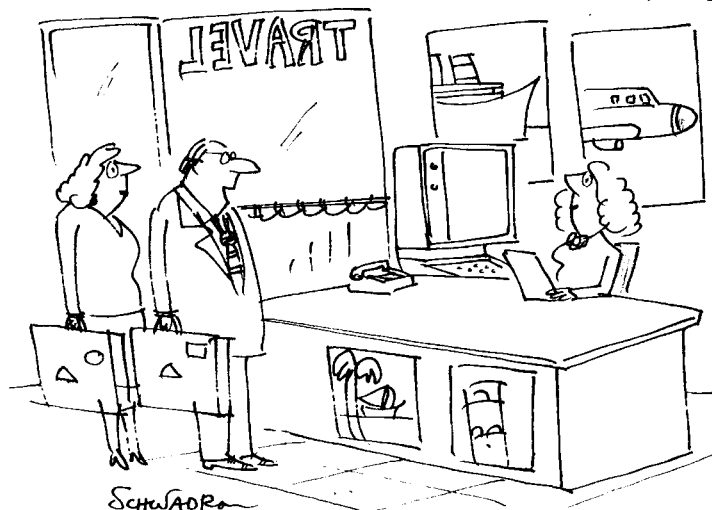
in a World Series, in 1956, the Yankees won—"which I used for ten years to totally destroy all my Dodger relatives," Giuliani told one interviewer. That is the essential Rudy: the Righteous Scorekeeper. But the scent of triumph has for the moment mellowed him.

There is an intellectual case for Democratic supporters of Giuliani, which is made by the city councilman for the Lower East Side, Antonio Pagan (accent on the second syllable—a useful distinction, in his district). Pagan is a gay Puerto Rican, but since he is opposed to bums living in parks, he is perceived locally as a paleoconservative. When Giuliani was first elected, "the city was falling apart. Giuliani gave voters a glimpse of hope that someone ballsy, aggressive, and tough could have an effect. Gays voted for him to have the streets cleaned up. Women are going to vote for him because he makes the streets safer for women." Meanwhile, "Where is the reaction of Democrats? What are the Democratic values to be

upheld against Giuliani? Hypodermic needles? Crumbling schools? Violence?" Giuliani's record on crime and public order bears Pagan out. Since 1993, robbery and car theft have fallen by more than 40 per cent, and murder has fallen almost 50 per cent. New York has the lowest crime rate of any American city with a population over one million.

Unfortunately, there is another reason so many Democrats back Rudy. To buy time for his law-and-order reformation, he has acquiesced in some very old arrangements. The labor leader at the press conference put it concisely. "Rud-off Giuliani didn't lay off anybody." The structural reformation of government and the economy has been put off to the second term. Or more likely, as many New Yorkers would say, to next *pesach* (Yiddish for never).

RUDOLPH Giuliani, born in 1944, became famous in the mid Eighties, as a typical Eighties figure: a censor of corruption and greed. In the Seventies he had switched his registration from Democratic to Republican, and served a stint in the Reagan Justice Department. In 1983 he became U.S. Attorney for the southern District of New York, and his career took off. He was aggressive, headline-grabbing, none too scrupulous about the finer points of civil liberties, and often effective. He used the RICO Act against organized crime, and pioneered the use of asset forfeiture in prosecuting drug dealers. Most Americans don't mind cutting a few corners to get pushers and mobsters, but such techniques have, as the Supreme Court might say, penumbras. Giuliani bagged David Levine and Ivan Boesky in pursuit of



"We'd like to get away from it all—especially our creditors."

Mr. Brookhiser is a senior editor at NR.

Michael Milken, and in a spectacular bust he hauled two arbitrageurs from their desks at Goldman Sachs in handcuffs. In the latter case he overreached: the charges against the men were dropped. He also moved against political corruption in New York City, toppling the Democratic leaders of the Bronx and Queens (Donald Manes, the Queens chieftain, committed suicide rather than face the music).

**P**OLITICS now beckoned. Mayor Ed Koch was at the end of his third term. Feisty and funny but no detail man, he had become the city's jester, and the act had worn thin. Rudy geared up to depose Koch in the 1989 mayoral race, using an old model, the fusion campaigns of John Lindsay and Fiorello LaGuardia—an alliance of good-government types, Republicans, and liberals, capitalizing on popular boredom and discontent.

The coronation was interrupted, however, by a string of sensational crimes with racial angles. The last of them, the fatal beating of a black teenager by a mostly white mob in the white neighborhood of Bensonhurst, happened on the eve of the Democratic primary. (It was such a big story I first heard about it on television in Bangkok.) Koch lost to David Dinkins, a solemn hack, who went on in November to become New York's first black mayor.

The city looked to Dinkins for racial peace, and to his manner for a relief from Koch's brashness. It found neither. Black bigots in Brooklyn ran a months-long boycott of a Korean fruit-stand while Dinkins stood by, impotent. In 1991 a black mob rioted in the Hasidic section of Crown Heights for three nights, bellowing "Kill the Jews!" and actually killing one. Dinkins's police force seemed to move in slowly.

Temperamentally, the mayor, like many incompetent people, proved to be self-pitying and small-minded. Dinkins did hire more cops, and the crime rate moved down, but this was lost in the general frenzy.

Giuliani prepared for a rematch, though there seemed to be no reason to think that he could add anything to the city's political mix besides a change of personalities. But Giuliani had been learning. The most important thing he learned was a new style of policing, based on a 1982 *Atlantic Monthly* article by George Kelling and James Q. Wilson, "Broken Windows." The Kelling-

Wilson thesis was that crime is not effectively fought by more cops or tougher cops, unless they get tough on the right things: low-level, often victimless crimes, like loitering, panhandling, and petty drug dealing. Like an unreplaced broken window, these offenses, when unpunished, convey the message that nobody in authority cares. The law-abiding retreat, discouraged, to their homes; criminals, including serious criminals, fill the vacuum.

Broken-windows policing got a test run in the New York subways, when William Bratton, a Boston transplant, took over the Transit Police in 1990. By 1993 Giuliani was willing to give it a try above ground. He also pledged to cut some of New York's taxes: an income-tax surcharge imposed by Dinkins, a commercial-rent tax, and a hotel-occupancy tax.

Giuliani won, but he had no mandate. The election results suggested that voters had paid hardly any attention to the records or the rhetoric of the candidates. The breakdown was starkly racial. City Hall changed hands because a handful of white liberals, though liberals still, were terrified of getting killed.

Undismayed, Giuliani set to work. He tapped Bratton to be Chief of Police. Their first test was the squeegee men—bums who accosted motorists at intersections, offering to "clean" their windshields. They were filthy and offensive, and most of them had criminal records. Bratton advised them and other panhandlers, "Get off drugs, get off the booze, get off your ass, and get a job." Giuliani also moved against mob bailiwicks such as the garbage-hauling industry. The crime statistics began their southward march.

Meanwhile, as a politician he engaged in politics. The best that can be said for Giuliani's political style is that it is occasionally entertaining. In 1994 he crossed party lines to endorse Democratic governor Mario Cuomo, declaring that the election of his GOP challenger, George Pataki, would mean four years of "sleaze," courtesy of Pataki's patron, Sen. Alfonse D'Amato. As Mayor Giuliani has since made peace with the two Republican solons, he must consider his charge overblown. But embracing Cuomo made him a pariah in the GOP, and upstate. On one campaign swing an angry crowd at the Utica airport prevented him from getting out of his plane. Worst of all, Cuomo lost.

Back home, Giuliani and Bratton

found that the same success story was not big enough for both of them. The police chief liked expensive suits, good press, and dinner at Elaine's, a Manhattan writers' hangout. Giuliani looked on in rage and envy. The fatal blow to Bratton's career was struck by Bratton himself, when he appeared, alone, on a cover of *Time* devoted to crime-fighting in New York. After such PR, what forgiveness? Bratton was out within weeks.

Giuliani made himself a national pointman for unrestricted immigration,

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*The most important  
thing Giuliani learned  
was a new style  
of policing.*

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chiding doubters and ordering his bureaucracy not to turn in illegal immigrants who reported crimes or other abuses. Giuliani's routine on immigration is more attractive than Mario Cuomo's, who carried on endlessly about the indignity suffered by his mother when WASP neighbors reminded her to put lids on her garbage cans. Giuliani will say that his immigrant father fought against his homeland in World War II. It is more honorable to focus on brave veterans than old grudges. But Giuliani still assumes that every present immigrant is a clone of his ancestors—and that the country now has the same needs as the country to which they moved.

None of it mattered. As long as crime went down, New Yorkers conceded that Giuliani had got the big issue right. Even his vices—stridence, stubbornness, prickliness—helped him, for the very qualities that led him into vendettas and blowups suggested that he would stay the course on public order.

As the primary season approached, prominent Democrats took themselves out of the field, until only one, Ruth Messinger, was left. As William Tucker pointed out in the *New York Press*, Mrs. Messinger has been saying some sensible things. She wants to lower business taxes, and she proposes to make up lost revenue by privatizing city services, as mayors in Indianapolis and Philadelphia have done. Her problem is that no one believes her, for her campaign runs counter to her long political record. The Ruth Messinger New Yorkers have known for twenty years is an Upper West Side

# Does St. Bozo's Parish No Longer Amuse You?

In many Catholic parishes today, the sense of the sacred — of mystery and majesty and even of worship itself — has largely been banished. The bells, incense, votive candles, and Communion rail are gone. The Tabernacle with the reserved Sacrament can't be found. Elegant statues of our friends, the saints, are locked in the basement, replaced by balloons, banners with greeting-card sentiments, and other dime-store decorations. The organ gathers cobwebs. The sanctuary has become a stage. And the kneelers are now being ripped out, the crucifix taken down.

It's virtually impossible to pray before (or after) Mass because of all the chatter and back-slapping. The Creed is left unsaid. Homilists pander with (unfunny) jokes and (not quite the latest) pop-psychology blather. The words of the liturgy are improvised upon by politically-correct clerics and lectors with weird agendas — God our Father becomes "God our Parent," the Son of God becomes the "Child of God," etc. And we must clap, clap, clap for the band and the liturgical dancers and the clowns — we aren't making a joyful noise unto the Lord, but only unto the (amateurish) entertainers.

In many parishes the primary purpose of the Mass has been transformed from receiving Christ and worshipping the Almighty into "celebrating community" — i.e., celebrating our wonderful selves. One influential liturgical "expert" has said the Mass shouldn't convey "a feeling of infinity or

eternity or the world beyond," for it's really about "communal sensitivity" among parishioners. But touchie-feelie Catholicism — where the Sign of Peace seems to be the high point of the Mass — has no power or magnetism. Not many people get out of bed on Sunday morning in search of warm huggies.

Catholics who are alienated by trivialized or freakish Masses — who are sick of being guinea pigs in a liturgical lab — often jump ship for an Evangelical church, or just stay in bed. Indeed, church attendance among Catholics has dropped from 70%, just before the liturgical experiments began, to 25% today! And today, two out of three Catholics don't believe in the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist — which isn't surprising, given that *how* we worship has a profound effect on *what* we believe about the meaning of the Mass.

The liturgical experiments have largely been a miserable failure. We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, a monthly orthodox Catholic magazine, agree with Cardinal Ratzinger that our damaged liturgy needs to be repaired. We articulate the Catholic Faith in all its splendor and truth. We don't just chronicle liturgical horror stories, we cover the full range of issues of concern to orthodox Catholics. According to *The Catholic Answer*, we're having "a notable impact" for the good on our deeply troubled Church. Subscribe today and take heart! (Please allow 2 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue.)



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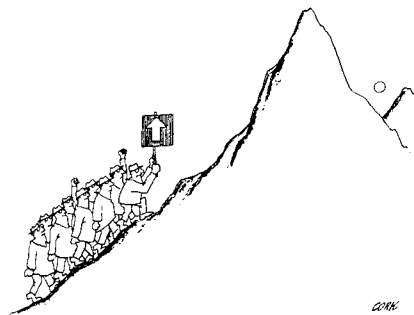
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*tricoteuse* who railed against development, pushed for business-tax hikes, and jaunted to Nicaragua in her spare time. Even now old habits linger: she blasted Giuliani as an enemy of the little guy who “drives in limousines”—then drove off in a limousine. Her right-leaning talk only alienated her base, without convincing anyone.

Nipping at her heels was the Rev. Al Sharpton. It is true that he is charming, informed, and shrewd—and that, like Jesse Jackson, has the ability to master a moment. My favorite Sharpton riposte came when some tabloid photographers staked out the beauty salon where he was getting his hair waved. When they burst in, Sharpton, unfazed, waved them closer, to record how a “real man” gets his hair done. It is also true that he is a liar and a racial incendiary. He publicized the Tawana Brawley hoax—a racial assault faked by a teenaged girl to avoid the wrath of her violent stepfather. More recently, he joined protests outside Freddy’s Fashion Mart, a white-owned store in Harlem—until one of his fellow protestors stormed inside, shot four people, and then set a fire which killed seven. Sharpton himself is probably not a hater. He is worse—he is an impresario of hatreds.

In the home stretch of this year’s primary campaign Sharpton got something hateful to talk about. In August, four cops in the 70th Precinct in Brooklyn were accused of seizing a Haitian man during a sidewalk confrontation, taking him to the station house, and beating and torturing him with a toilet plunger. (The victim spent weeks in the hospital.) Rudy Giuliani moved swiftly to shake up the precinct, Al Sharpton moved into high gear, and Ruth Messinger was a space between bookends. The primary was a disaster for her. She won, but the turnout was so low—an



implicit stay-at-home vote for Giuliani—that Sharpton, pulling only his base, seemed to have won the 40 per cent required to force a run-off. The following week, a plodding count of paper and absentee ballots showed that Sharpton had in fact fallen short. Mrs. Messinger got the worst of all worlds—a black eye, without the chance of knocking Sharpton out.

**T**HE parade of Democrats for Giuliani continues (the list now includes two congressmen). What could go wrong?

“There is a huge job to be done in restructuring government that hasn’t even begun yet,” Fred Siegel, a professor of history at Cooper Union, told a luncheon at the Harvard Club. The source of the criticism and the sponsor of the event—the Manhattan Institute—are revealing. Siegel and the Institute—New York’s only conservative think tank—were, before 1993, conveyor belts to Giuliani of his freshest ideas. Siegel’s message, in his talk and in his new book, *The Future Once Happened Here: New York, D.C., L.A., and the Fate of America’s Big Cities*—is that serious problems remain. The streets are safe, but the foundations are rotten.

New York carries an enormous public sector, the result of what Siegel calls running a New Deal in one city. Two

out of eleven New Yorkers are on some form of welfare; a third of the work force is employed by government-run, health and social services. Welfare in New York is workfare—not for welfare recipients, but for the helping professionals who tend them. Public workers wield enormous political clout, even as they produce a major economic effect. Almost half of the city’s \$32-billion budget goes to the salaries of public employees. Mayor Giuliani was able to keep the police from getting a raise as big as they wanted, but other city employees have left the bargaining table happy. The economy that must pay for these services is not strong. New York has recovered a third of the jobs it lost during the last recession, but across the Hudson, New Jersey has recovered all its lost jobs. Wall Street pulls more than its share, and its pull is not dependable. The economy, said Siegel, has “a tubercular glow . . . But if the market sinks to an unthinkable 6000, that’s when the crunch comes.”

Giuliani has not much helped matters. He did end the hotel-occupancy tax and trim the commercial-rent tax. But he

*The Ruth Messinger  
New Yorkers have  
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is an Upper West Side  
tricoteuse.*

reneged on his pledge to repeal the income-tax surcharge (the city’s personal income tax now stands at 4.5 per cent, a percentage point ahead of any other city in the nation). Symbol of Giuliani’s bondage to old ideas was his position on rent control, an “emergency” measure that has been in place since World War II. When upstate Republicans, egged on by the landlords, proposed to abolish it, Giuliani reacted as if they wanted to dynamite the Statue of Liberty. The rustics retreated before the bellying of the apartment dwellers, and rent control remains.

One useful thing Giuliani has talked of doing in his second term is reforming the school system. The chancellor of New York’s public schools is an independent official, neither appointed by nor answerable to the mayor. The bureaucrats at 110 Livingston Street in



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Brooklyn, the system's headquarters, are not responsible to anyone; no one even knows how many of them there are. In 1994 the then-chancellor found 3,500 of whose existence he had been unaware. Everyone knows the system is in shambles, and Giuliani may succeed in getting Albany to rationalize it. Giuliani's other announced second-term goal is to make New York "drug-free." Siegel shakes his head: "That's like rural beautification in Van Cortlandt Park." Siegel fears that, after Giuliani punted the tough decisions, it may now be too late. "Giuliani should have governed as though he expected to be a one-term

mayor. . . . You can't jump a chasm in two leaps."

But Giuliani may not even be thinking about the chasm. After he wins in November, he will never have to run for mayor again, since term limits have been voted in. He might think of challenging Gov. Pataki or Sen. D'Amato, if he should rediscover "sleaze" between now and 1998. More likely, he is aiming for Daniel Patrick Moynihan's Senate seat in 2000; or—who knows?—New Hampshire.

It would be a pity if a half-done job in New York were to be his launching pad. □

# NATO Weal

*Even before NATO officially spreads eastward, it is already producing positive effects.*

ADRIAN KARATNYCKY

ON July 8 the leaders of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization met in Madrid to announce that Poland, Hungary, and the Czech Republic had been invited to begin a process leading to membership in the alliance. Commenting on the decision to enlarge, NATO's Secretary General, Javier Solana, pronounced these "fantastic times," a period of "profound transformation" of the "whole security environment of Europe."

While we expect hyperbole from political leaders, there already is significant evidence that Mr. Solana is not exaggerating: the decision by the Atlantic Alliance to expand is a landmark development in European history. Indeed, the very expectation that NATO would move eastward has contributed to dramatic improvements in the security of Central and Eastern Europe.

For the past year, there has been a flurry of diplomatic activity among the countries of East-Central Europe, driven by their desire to join the Alliance

and other Western institutions. This diplomacy has resulted in treaties that have resolved longstanding border issues and ethnic disputes that were the source of instability and tension, and that could have led to armed conflict.

In the hope of strengthening their case for entry into the Atlantic Alliance, Hungary and Slovakia have signed and ratified a comprehensive treaty. The treaty establishes mechanisms for dealing with the half-million-strong Hungarian minority in Slovakia, and it allows for limited local self-government in southern Slovakia, the area where most of the ethnic Hungarian minority lives. Hungary also has settled its border issues with Rumania through a far-reaching Treaty of Friendship and Cooperation signed in 1996 and ratified by both parliaments by May of 1997.

Meanwhile, under President Emil Constantinescu, Rumania has worked with Ukraine to resolve some potentially destabilizing border and minority issues. Despite opposition from the ex-Communists who ruled Rumania until this year, the two countries initialed a basic treaty May 3 confirming the inviolability of existing borders and renouncing the threat or use of force. The document also provides for measures to protect the culture and preserve the rights

of Ukrainian minorities in Rumania and Rumanian minorities in Ukraine. While improved relations between the two states reflect propitious internal developments—including the growing influence of reform-oriented forces—they were also influenced by the process of NATO enlargement. As the Rumanian Foreign Ministry's Dumitru Ceausu noted, the settlement with Ukraine was achieved quickly "to demonstrate that Rumania has no problems with its neighbors"—a precondition for NATO membership.

Poland, meanwhile, has signed a document on Ukrainian-Polish reconciliation that addresses the mutual recriminations stemming from the 1930s and 1940s. In May, the legislatures of Poland and Lithuania deepened cooperation by creating an Inter-Parliamentary Assembly designed to strengthen cultural relations and protect minority rights.

ACCOMPANYING these important treaties, which have resolved decades-old disputes, there also has been a spate of agreements designed to deepen trade and economic cooperation in the region.

As some of these examples indicate, in the course of serving their own interests

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*Mr. Karatnycky is President of Freedom House and co-editor of a new study, Nations in Transit 1997: Democracy, Civil Society and Economic Change in East Central Europe and the New Independent States (Transaction Books: 1997).*

vis-à-vis NATO, Poland, Hungary, and the Czech Republic are playing a critical role in promoting security in the countries to their East that are not in the first wave of NATO enlargement. The three new prospective members of NATO understand that although the Alliance is the cornerstone of regional security, it cannot solve all the region's problems. Poland, in particular, has taken the lead in promoting regional

*In a part of Europe  
that has seen bitter  
enmities, the new  
cooperation represents a  
dramatic change for  
the better.*

cooperation through a process known as the meetings of "the Five Presidents." The Five Presidents are those of Poland, Ukraine, Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia; they will meet regularly to discuss economic cooperation, cultural exchange, and regional security. The Five Presidents represent a population of over 97 million, nearly four-fifths the population of European Russia.

**I**N A part of Europe that has seen bitter inter-ethnic enmities and border claims exploited by Nazi and Soviet totalitarianism, the new cooperation represents a dramatic change for the better in the political climate. And while the deepening of democratic and free-market transformations is a major factor, there is no doubt that it was helped greatly by the understanding that NATO, anchored by the U.S., is the predominant economic and military presence in the region, a force that can intercede when ethnic tension or border disputes threaten peace.

Nor has this positive trend been limited to Central Europe. While Russia remains cool toward NATO expansion, its conduct toward its neighbors is improving. This suggests that as NATO enlargement moves forward, Moscow is awakening to the reality that Russia's diminished economic and military power means it will perforce play a more limited role in the region. And so Russia is participating in the NATO peace-keeping mission in Bosnia and has

signed a basic document outlining cooperation and consultation with the Alliance. And in recent months, Russia has sought to improve relations with states it has threatened and bullied in the past.

Nearly six years have passed since the collapse of the USSR, but it was only on May 30, a month before NATO's Madrid summit, that Ukraine and Russia agreed to a treaty of friendship that confirmed their borders and resolved the potentially incendiary issue of the division of the Black Sea Fleet. The agreement signed by President Yeltsin and President Leonid Kuchma of Ukraine is expected to be ratified this fall. President Kuchma, who has strongly supported NATO enlargement, declared that the treaty with Russia had been influenced by the climate of "favorable changes under way in Europe."

Similar progress has occurred in Russia's relations with other neighbors. In late May, Russian Foreign Minister Yevgeny Primakov sent a letter to his Latvian counterpart, Valdis Berkavs, expressing hope that a border agreement between the two countries could be signed in the fall. And on July 3, Russia signed a Treaty on Friendship, Cooperation, and Security with Azerbaijan that provides protections for the territorial integrity of both countries.

Nor are the Russians backsliding on the issue of nuclear proliferation within the former Soviet Union. On June 30, Russia's Foreign Ministry reported that the last Russian strategic forces had left Belarus, the final stage of removing all nuclear arsenals and infrastructure from that country. Similarly, NATO's enlargement has not led to the radicalization of moderate forces within the Russian establishment—*vide* the recent 2 to 1 vote in the Federation Council (Russia's upper legislative house) lifting embargoes against Iraq and Libya. Nor has NATO enlargement caused Russian leaders to abandon their plans to radi-

cally scale back the size of their armed forces.

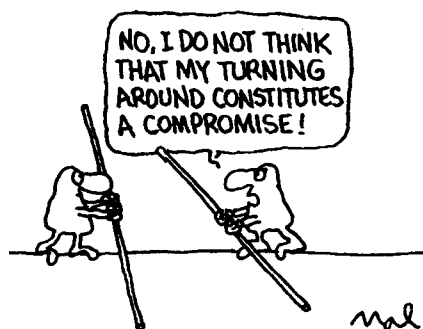
Despite claims by U.S. opponents of NATO enlargement that it would undermine pro-Western reformers, in fact, advocates of free-market ideas and democratic change are gaining in strength within the upper reaches of the Russian government, as demonstrated by the growing power of the reformist First Deputy Prime Ministers Boris Nemtsov and Anatoly Chubais. Hardliners, meanwhile, are being driven out of office. In recent months, the hawkish and anti-reform Defense Minister Igor Rodionov has been dismissed and Russia's Justice Minister and its Minister of Relations with the Commonwealth of Independent States (both of whom had come into government service from the hard-line Communist Party) were removed from their posts.

To see how the new balance of power in Europe has contributed to Russia's new realism, under the Treaty on Conventional Forces in Europe, NATO together with Poland, Hungary, and the Czech Republic commands a total of 80,000 tanks, army field vehicles, and artillery pieces, compared to 24,000 for Russia. Adding the 10,000 heavy weapons of NATO aspirants Bulgaria and Rumania and the 13,000-strong arsenal of pro-NATO Ukraine makes the conventional balance even clearer. Furthermore, Russia's GDP is roughly 6 per cent that of the enlarged NATO.

But strong though the West is, it is crucial to bear in mind that there is no single European country that has sufficient conventional military power to deter an aggressive Russia. That role can only be played by a cohesive alliance backed by the conventional and nuclear deterrent of the United States.

The trends of recent months make it difficult to overstate the importance NATO enlargement already has had on the region's security climate. But can this momentum be sustained?

Clearly, setbacks cannot be ruled out. No one can guarantee that Russia's democracy will not falter or that some reckless demagogue may not seize power in some East European country now on the path toward democracy and the free market. But most signs point to a continuation of the progress already witnessed in the region. NATO's new members must continue taking the economic, political, and security steps needed to link Eastern Europe to the West. □



# Persecution Complex

*Attempts to stem religious persecution abroad will only lead to increased immigration here.*

DON BARNETT

THE stated goal of the Freedom from Religious Persecution Act, sponsored by Rep. Frank Wolf (R., Va.) and Sen. Arlen Specter (R., Pa.), is to help eradicate religious persecution around the world—a laudable goal, but one the bill is unlikely to achieve. It imposes economic sanctions on persecuting countries, but, except for the specific case of Sudan, those sanctions are weak, and can be waived at any time by the President.

Meanwhile, the bill contains refugee and asylum provisions that could have a significant effect—not toward the bill's stated purpose of mitigating religious persecution, but rather in terms of leading to substantial increases in the numbers immigrating to the United States as refugees and asylum-seekers.

*Mr. Barnett writes frequently on immigration.*

The bill authorizes a new White House office to certify religions whose adherents are persecuted; Christians in militant Islamic and in Communist countries, notably China, are likely first candidates. But members of the certified religion need not prove that they personally are being persecuted in order to be considered for refugee admission. They need merely "credibly claim" membership in the certified religion. U.S. officials seeking to deny such a person admission would be required to furnish proof that he is *not* a member of the religion.

American Christian groups maintain that without such a law persecuted Christians will remain a small percentage of refugees resettled in the United States. They have a point. For most refugees, group preferences and family chain migration have replaced flight from state persecution as the criterion

for admission to the United States. Practically the only way to extend the reach of the program is to add more preferred groups.

Unfortunately, the defining feature of refugee resettlement since the Refugee Act of 1980 is lack of responsibility on the part of sponsors and relatives for the refugees they bring over. (At least 80 per cent of recent refugees are joining relatives who settled in previous waves.) Relatives and sponsoring agencies are not even required to pay air fare for refugees. Most of the resources used for resettlement come from the Federal Government. In an early example of block granting, funds from the federal Office of Refugee Resettlement support a refugee agency and ten non-governmental sponsoring organizations in each state.

This has undermined the assumption that refugees will integrate into the economy and learn the language. The usual incentives and disincentives don't function when cash, food, housing, and medical care are available upon arrival. Furthermore, because of the linguistic and cultural isolation of many of the refugee communities, they will be first in line for waivers and extensions when time limits set in. Among noncitizen users of Supplemental Security Income, refugees from the former USSR, Viet-

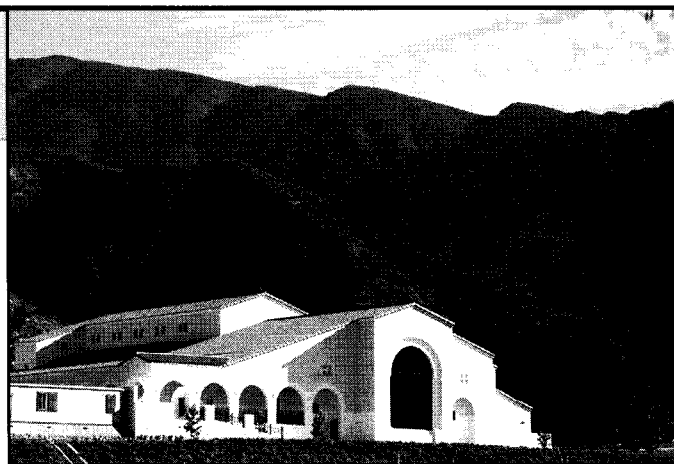
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## THOMAS AQUINAS COLLEGE

nam, and Cuba occupy second, third, and fourth places respectively. (Mexicans are first, although their rate of usage is much lower.)

Along with the Freedom from Religious Persecution Bill comes a campaign to increase the overall number of refugees, which is set annually by the President in consultation with Congress. The number of refugees has gone down somewhat in the last three years as the flow from Southeast Asia has shifted from refugees to non-refugees. But the U.S. still takes in annually more than twice the 50,000 refugees envisioned by the Refugee Act of 1980. This year the effort to raise refugee admissions by as much as 40 per cent has the backing of Sen. Spencer Abraham (R., Mich.), chairman of the Senate Immigration Subcommittee.

One of the reasons for the increase is that resettlement agencies need a large client base to justify overhead and staff.

The other reason is to accommodate the new refugee category without reducing numbers in any other category. Yet there is room already for substantial increases under the current ceiling. For instance, 20,000 of those assigned refugee status in Russia a year or more ago have decided against leaving that country. Surely these slots could be reassigned to other applicants before the overall ceiling is raised. Most tellingly, Private Sector Initiative refugee slots, for those who have sponsors willing to pay resettlement costs, have languished unused by the tens of thousands.

Extending entitlement status to another group will not deter religious persecution abroad. It will merely expand the flow of refugee admissions and further politicize the selection process as new groups jockey for preferred status. This bill—and, along with it, the entire refugee resettlement program—needs a second look. □

on their cigarettes in those far-off days, could have imagined the anti-tobacco crusade unleashed by governments in the 1990s. But this example reveals the crucial pattern to watch: First, conventions are overthrown. Frustrations are circumvented and deprivations removed by government action. Then, a generation or so later, regulation spreads.

In most Western countries at the turn

*Society depends on orderliness, and if it doesn't come from within, it must come from without.*

of the last century, many even of the poorest workers had become involved in low-level schemes of social insurance—having learned the lessons of prudence from the hard times of the 1890s. Then governments, from generous motives, began to provide pensions, unemployment benefits, housing grants, food stamps, and all the rest.

All of this had important economic consequences, driving up the cost of credit. But it also had fiscal consequences, and in many countries it is leading to a crisis as governments face unfunded liabilities for the upkeep of a rising geriatric population. And one of the first consequences has been the move to make pension provision compulsory.

What began in this century as the moral virtue of prudence thus ended up in the realm of high policy: governments compelling their citizens to save

*(Continues on page 64)*

## Id Control

*As quickly as social restraints are toppled, governments erect new ones in the form of regulations.*

KENNETH MINOGUE

**W**HAT is the relation between high policy and low morals? This is one of the central questions raised by John O'Sullivan's incisive analysis (NR, April 21) of the way in which the academic rebels of the 1960s are turning into the New Class that rules us in the 1990s.

The answer is basically simple: low morals amount to giving in to impulse, and impulsiveness soon lands one in the arms of the bureaucracy.

This means that the United States, like other Western countries, contains two roughly distinct sets of people: those independent souls who manage their own lives—let us call them the Individualists—and those whose lives constantly place them in contact with authority in the form of policemen, social workers, prison officers, and so on—we may call them the Impulsives.

*Mr. Minogue is a professor of political science at the London School of Economics.*

Some examples of Impulsives will be horribly familiar. Promiscuous teenage girls soon find themselves “one-parent families” supervised by a social worker and living on welfare. Those caught with their fingers in the till will soon be keeping the police and prison services in business—and then probation officers.

Experience shows what the rule is: the permissive society begins in liberation and ends in compulsion. It ends that way because society depends on orderliness, and if it doesn't come from within, it must come from without.

But experience shows something else: that the delightfully liberating social permission that comes with the breaking down of conventions is a Greek gift, a Trojan horse which turns freedom into compulsion.

The cigarette crusade is an interesting example. Even before the 1960s, welfare states began providing free health care to those who needed it. Few who benefited, as they happily puffed away

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THE VICE PRESIDENT  
WASHINGTON

October 17, 1997

Dear Rusty,

If you don't mind, Rusty, I'd like to vent a little.

This has been a busy week—I'm flying back from my second trip to Los Angeles (\$450,000 "award luncheon"; global-warming speech; supportive lesbian comments about ABC's Ellen) after a few days in Florida (\$320,000 "dinner"; more global warming; campaign-finance-reform speech) and a day in San Francisco (\$33,000 "coffee"; global warming; fiber optics)—and the last thing I needed was to have a snippy conversation with Tip.

In the first place, I'm exhausted. I've flown over 170 electoral votes this week giving speeches about the upcoming global-warming summit. The earth is getting warmer, Rusty, you know it and I know it, and I've burned up a lot of jet fuel getting the message out.

So when I sat back in my seat and called Tipper on the Air Force Two secure telephone line, what I needed was some soothing words and some spousal support. What I got was: "Al, are you crazy? What are you thinking?"

"What do you mean, Tip?"

"I mean, which member of your brain trust suggested that you come out in support of Ellen?"

I chuckled. "Is that a pun, Tip? 'Come out' in support. Get it?" There was a long pause. "Do you get it, Tip? It's a play on the phrase, 'to come out of the clo—'"

"I get it, Al. I just didn't think it was worth commenting on."

"What are you so upset about? Lesbians are voters, too, you know. They're also staunch environmentalists and avid recyclers and some of them are pretty terrific singers."

"Al, what are you talking about?"

"Laura Nyro, Melissa Etheridge, k.d. lang—"

"I mean, who cares, Al? Why would you do such a thing? We've got trouble back here with the campaign-contributions investigation, Dick Gephardt has the labor unions on speed-dial, and you're out there in Hollywood making speeches about lesbians? Al? Hello? Are you near a window?"

"Yes, Tipper."

"Well, look outside. Tell me what you see." I slid the window shade up and peered out of the oval plastic. "What do you see down there, Al?"

"Um . . . a few hills, some highways, little towns, people who look like ants. That sort of thing."

"Wrong, Al. What you see down there is everything between Los Angeles and Washington, D.C. What you see, dumbhead, is America, okay?"

And let me clue you in to what Americans think about. They think about retirement, crime, snacks, and their children, in roughly that order. What they do not think about, what they try not to think about, is lesbians. Now, what do Americans think about?"

"Retirement, crime, snacks, and children."

"And what do Americans not think about?"

"Lesbians."

"Good. Write it down if you have to. But remember it. Dan Quayle is all over the airwaves calling you a flaming liberal media elitist."

"But Tipper, I've been so critical of Hollywood in the past. I thought that maybe this was an opportunity to show them some support. You know, sort of a 'less knife-gun action, more girl-girl action' type of thing."

"Come home, Al. That place is not good for you."

"Tipper, honestly, I think you're overreacting. I talked about a lot of things on my trip. Global warming, campaign-finance reform . . . I was covering a lot of issues. I think that people will be able to place the Ellen comments in the context of an increasingly warm globe, don't you think?"

"No."

"Tipper . . ."

"Al, how do you think Bill would have handled this?"

"Bill again."

"Well, he's good at this, Al."

"Bill loves lesbians. I mean, he loves them a lot more than I do. He mentions them a lot, actually. And not always in context, either. Sometimes just out of the blue. He told me that he watches Ellen every week 'just to see if they ever show—'"

"How would Bill have handled this politically?"

"You want me to pull a lesbian Sister Souljah, don't you? Well, I won't do it, Tipper. And you know what? I think that the people are with me. I think they like it when Hollywood teaches them about sexuality and tolerance."

"Look out the window, Al."

"I am."

"Keep looking."

And I did. But all I saw was farms, roads, little towns, and people who looked like ants.

Write soon, Rusty . . . it's getting tense up here.

*Your pal, Al*

# BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

## Human Capital

ROBERT B. EDGERTON

ALL known human societies have acknowledged some forms of inequality. Nobles, elders, chiefs, great warriors, and shamans have exercised power over lesser people, and men everywhere have asserted some kinds of dominance over women. But the ultimate in human inequality is represented by slavery, an institution that has taken root in many parts of the world, including some small-scale societies in, e.g., the northwest of what is now the United States and the forests of South America. By 1000 B.C., slavery was entrenched in Europe. Greeks and Romans captured Germans and Africans alike, Egyptians enslaved Nubians and Ethiopians, and soon the Chinese would take slaves from East Africa to Canton, while others found their way to India and Java. Later, Arabs would take slaves from much of Africa and most of Western Europe, while Turks took Greeks, Africans, and sundry Eastern Europeans into captivity.

In a truly monumental work, Hugh Thomas has now given us the most

*The Slave Trade: The Story of the Atlantic Slave Trade, 1440–1870*, by Hugh Thomas (Simon & Schuster, 928 pp., \$37.50)

comprehensive account of the Atlantic slave trade ever written. From its earliest origins, through its various phases, and up to its abolition, Thomas provides a balanced view of the men who made this trade into a business that would eventually send 11 million Africans to the New World, as well as poignant glimpses into the lives of the slaves themselves; finally, he looks extensively at the various forces and individuals involved in slavery's eventual abolition in Europe and the Americas.

The views of the scholar Eric Williams notwithstanding, profits from slavery were not the engine that drove the Industrial Revolution: Portugal, Spain, and Brazil profited greatly but

did not industrialize. Nevertheless, the trade did enrich many people, some of whom spent their wealth in ways that benefited their countries. Some heavy investors in the trade were women, and quite a few were *conversos*, Jews forcibly converted to Christianity. But with



these exceptions, the trade was dominated by Christian families of good social standing such as the Cabots of Boston. In ports like Liverpool, New York, and Newport, many people profited, and

some made huge fortunes. But others lost money when slaves died at sea or were too enfeebled to be sold, or when prices simply fell. It was not a predictable business, especially in its early days. Thomas calculates that throughout much of the period the average profit was only 6 to 10 per cent, with even these earnings often long deferred.

As early as 1445, the Portuguese found it easier to buy slaves in Africa than to capture them; and although they did mount some military expeditions in Angola, they and all other European traders obtained the overwhelming majority of their slaves by purchase. The most common trade good was cloth, but in different times and places the currency was cowrie shells, alcohol, beads, lead, steel, copper, tobacco, horses, guns, gunpowder, and even gold. Slavery was well established long before Europeans began the Atlantic trade, but European interest gradually intensified African kings' slave-raiding activities. Powerful West African kingdoms like Asante and Dahomey, with access to coastal traders, sought guns and gunpowder in order to enslave peoples more remote from coastal trade and without firearms.

Most war captives in Africa were sold into slavery, although many became farmers, miners, and even soldiers in their captors' armies. The Asante economy, including its many gold mines, was entirely dependent on slave labor. Those destined for the Atlantic slave trade were marched to the coast under dreadful conditions; their African captors beat them, underfed them, and often raped the women. European traders wanted healthy, strong men in the prime of life; hence very few children were purchased, and only one-third of the slaves taken were women. It was widely believed that it was cheaper to work a slave to death—often in ten years—than it was to raise a slave child to adulthood. The United States was an exception in this regard, often managing to “breed” large numbers of slaves instead of purchasing new ones.

Thomas describes the horrors of the transatlantic voyage in enough detail to turn the strongest stomach, but he also allows that from ship to ship and nation to nation, conditions did vary. Most Af-

Mr. Edgerton is a professor of anthropology at UCLA. His recent books include *The Fall of the Asante Empire* and *Sick Societies*.

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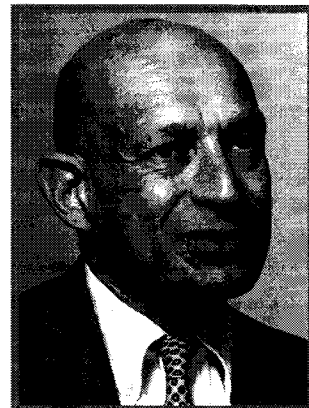
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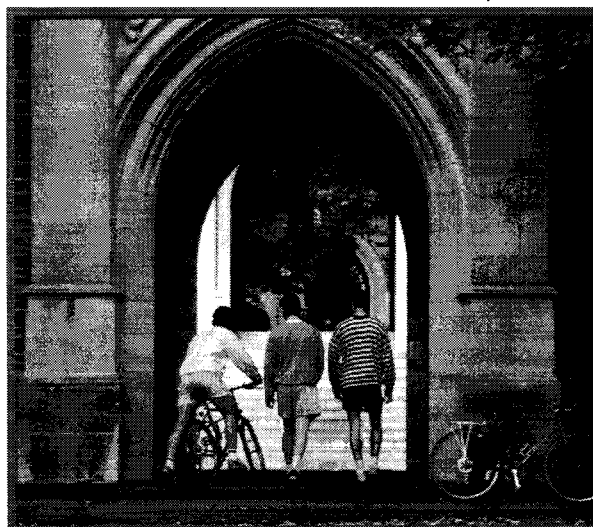
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ricans boarded ships in terror, believing that they were going to be eaten, but some were happy to board, knowing that their fate as slaves in Africa would be poor at best, and hoping that the unknown that lay ahead would be better. Most voyages were ghastly. Hunger, filth, disease, and brutality took a terrible toll. Melancholia, dysentery, and smallpox were great killers, and so were slave rebellions. Most rebellions were bloody failures, but a few succeeded. After killing the European crew the slaves sometimes made landfall and ended up living with Indians. An average of 20 per cent died en route, and many of those who survived were so weak that they were left on the dock to die because no one would buy them.

But some ships were much more humane than others. Human kindness was no doubt less responsible for this than the fear of losing a potential sale, but some captains tried to keep up spirits by providing nutritious food and rum or wine, encouraging singing and dancing, and even allowing sexual contact. Slave quarters were regularly cleaned and fumigated. Rape by a crew member could result in brutal punishment. Free Africans sometimes sailed the Atlantic, too. Thomas points out that in 1492 Columbus's pilot on his favorite ship, the *Niña*, was a mulatto; and an African was said to have sailed in the second voyage a year later.

IT IS not widely known that, until 1550, the Old World was the largest importer of African slaves. For example, in 1539 there were forty thousand African slaves in Portugal; African slaves made up 10 per cent of the population of Lisbon. Spaniards also imported large numbers of slaves, many of whom had sexual relations with whites and were even allowed to intermarry. Italy, too, had many African slaves. Thomas points out that although the importation of slaves to these countries gradually diminished, there are still remote areas where the local population shows physical signs of African ancestry.

After 1550 the bulk of the trade shifted to the New World, and Thomas provides this startling statistic: between 1492 and 1820, African slaves carried to the Americas outnumbered European immigrants 5 to 1. Moreover, from 1820 to 1870 as many slaves were taken to Brazil and Cuba alone as there were white people immigrating to all of North and South America.

Of the 11 million slaves brought to the New World, the great majority worked on sugar, cotton, or coffee plantations, but one million worked in mines, another million did domestic la-

*Until 1550, the Old World was the largest importer of African slaves. There are still remote areas in Europe where the local population shows physical signs of African ancestry.*

bor, and a smaller number worked as carpenters, tile-setters, roofers, and in other forms of construction. Thomas provides rich vignettes about the lives that slaves led, focusing much more on the Caribbean and Brazil than on the United States. He leaves no doubt that previous accounts of the inhumanity of slavery were fully justified. But he adds intriguing details about some reversals of roles—for example, when newly arrived African slaves joined their European captors in brutally killing and enslaving Carib Indians, who themselves kept slaves. He also notes some droll episodes, such as the Scottish slave trader who built a golf course on an island off Sierra Leone, where the cad-dies were slaves wearing kilts.

The slaves' story would not be complete without a discussion of their rebellions, and Thomas does well at this. The first major rebellion was in 1522, followed by many more, almost all of which failed. Of this first rebellion

against the Spanish by mostly Wolof tribesmen from West Africa, a Spanish poet wrote this: "Clever are these Wolofs and brave, / With the vain hope of becoming knights." Still, some of the rebels escaped to join nearby Indian communities. Although the Carib sometimes used slaves in human sacrifices, a Spanish judge commented that the Indians typically treated their slaves like "relations," while the Christians treated theirs like "dogs."

Thomas devotes much attention to slavery in Cuba, which became a focal point for sugar production. By 1860, Cuba was producing one-fourth of the world's sugar and was shipping many slaves to the United States. Thanks in part to a U.S. and British blockade, Cuba quit exporting slaves in 1870, but slavery was not abolished there until 1886. Thomas also focuses on Brazil—not surprisingly, because more than 4 million African slaves went there. In 1851, half of Rio de Janeiro's population was slave, and as late as 1870 there were still 1.5 million slaves in Brazil. Slavery was not abolished until 1888.

Thomas devotes a large segment of the book to an account of efforts to abolish the slave trade. He documents the role of intellectuals, politicians, former slaves, and slave traders in the abolition debates that dominated so much of the eighteenth century, but he gives the lion's share of the credit to Britain for using her naval might to close down the trade.

The book ends on a high note after the abolition of the African slave trade and the almost complete abolition of slavery itself, but Thomas is quick to admit that slavery endured in Africa to the end of the nineteenth century and was ended then primarily because of pressure from the European colonial powers. The book ends with the sobering report that as late as 1980, ninety thousand Africans were being held as slaves by Arabs in Mauritania. □

## Cry, the Beloved Empire

MARK FALCOFF

SOME years ago Boodles gin ran an advertisement in various American periodicals which began, "Come now, admit it. You miss the British Empire." I feel reasonably sure

that the same pitch was never used in British periodicals, where such nostalgia, even in harmless commercial ploys, would be regarded as in poor taste. But the same line might well have proved

successful in a lot of places besides the United States—Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, to be sure, but also various countries in South Asia and Africa, and even Portugal, Argentina, and Chile. The reason is quite simple. This country which dominated a large part of the earth's surface for nearly two hundred years cannot have failed to leave an indelible mark on the Western (and non-Western) cultural imagination. Fifty years after Britain's departure from India, another look at Britain's imperial record would therefore seem in order.

Denis Judd certainly possesses many of the requisite credentials. An Oxford graduate, he is the author of more than a dozen works, including biographies of King Edward VII and Palmerston, as well as histories of the Boer War and

*Empire: The British Imperial Experience from 1765 to the Present*, by Denis Judd (Basic, 518 pp., \$35)

the British Raj. This book is in many ways the culminating work of his career, bringing together immense erudition, genuine narrative gifts, and a capacity to pick out important details from a vast range of materials. Because Britain ruled over so many places for so long, a book of this sort becomes, perforce, a history of much of the world in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. That alone makes it a worthwhile read.

Perhaps the most interesting point Judd makes about this subject concerns the centrality of the imperial experience to Britain as a society and culture. The Empire was, he reminds us, central in the forging of a "British" identity, providing a common project not only for Englishmen and Scots, Welshmen and Irishmen, but also for French Canadians and Afrikaners. Indeed, as he points out, the Empire was the one place where the notion of a common citizenship transcended ethnic and historic differences. It also provided "outdoor relief" for substantial numbers of middle- and upper-class Britons—soldiers, civil servants, traders, and missionaries. It helped to maintain Britain as a major military power, since the Indian Army could be deployed around the globe, and it also allowed British authorities to

*Mr. Falcoff is resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute. His most recent book, Panama's Canal: What Happens When the U.S. Gives a Small Country What It Wants, will be published later this year.*

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## TARGET SWITZERLAND

### Swiss Armed Neutrality in World War II

By STEPHEN P. HALBROOK, Ph.D.

The current "Nazi gold" media campaign has sought to distort the image of Switzerland in the minds of the American public. Half a century after WWII we are being led to believe that the one nation that deterred the Nazis, held its borders, never became subject to the Gestapo and refused to become an accomplice to the European Holocaust should now witness its reputation made an object of disdain.

This meticulously researched book unveils the complete military history of Switzerland during WWII and explains why the Nazis, despite elaborate operational plans for an invasion, ultimately declined to engage the Swiss in combat on their home ground.

The Swiss reputation for martial prowess was a factor; however more crucial were that country's "citizens' army" of trained riflemen, their prepared fortifications and their plans to make the Germans pay for every inch of the Alps with blood. Swiss officers were informed that upon an invasion if any of them heard the country had surrendered, they should know this to be a propaganda lie. Switzerland would never succumb to an aggression and would have fought for its freedom to the last man.

Beneath their benign "Heidi" image, recently corrupted by the media into a stereotype of "greedy bankers," the Swiss have never trumpeted the fact of their military preparedness. This book will be an eye-opener to many Americans who never imagined that the nation that retained its straight cross, and not a twisted one, was a nation of shooters, fully prepared to turn the Alps into a deathtrap for the panzers, if the Germans had dared to attempt a conquest.

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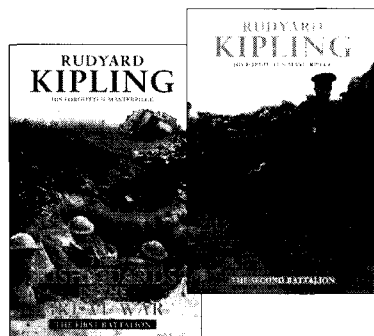
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sidestep the potentially destabilizing effect of peacetime conscription at home. It was a device to blunt the edge of class warfare and egalitarian philosophies. Above all, it united the British people "in a common cause, as a means of inspiring a sense of international mission . . . as a way of looking to the future with more confidence than the realities intrinsically merited." Anyone who knows Britain today is profoundly aware of the spiritual void that the end of empire has left there.

Judd begins his story with the American Revolution. The loss of the 13 colonies had important consequences for the expansion of the Empire elsewhere—mainly in Australia, but also in India—and it encouraged experiments in more flexible forms of rule in Canada. By the middle of the nineteenth century British hegemony had extended to much of Africa and Asia, requiring varied responses to widely differing cultures and situations.

Judd's narrative method is highly original. He selects a number of events in widely scattered geographical venues, arranges them in roughly chronological order, and then spins out his data to the widest margins. These include not merely battles or decisions of state, but cultural events like the 1924 British Empire Exposition in the London suburb of Wembley. This enormous tapestry is held together by several unifying threads. The first is that the British Empire was hardly British at all—but rather a collection of dissimilar, mostly non-Western peoples, requiring a highly sophisticated approach to authority.

The second is that the British could not have dominated so large an area on their own; they made good use of local elites, who were often more than anxious to participate in the imperial project, and of settler communities who, however, once installed, could not easily be abandoned.

The third is that the vaunted *Pax Britannica* was something of a misnomer; during the entire reign of Queen Victoria there was never a year in which Britain was not engaged in violent conflict. Nor was everything placid even in the twentieth century. Everyone has heard of the Crimean and Boer Wars; here Judd tells us about the Jamaican rebellion of 1865 and the Amritsar massacre of 1919.

The fourth is that no one motive can explain the British imperial adventure—neither strategic imperatives, desire for

profits or international status, or the need to find a dumping ground for undesirables. Rather, the imperial impulse was fed by all of these in different—and differing—measures. Indeed, for much of its history the Empire was a less profitable place for British in-

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---

vestments than the United States or Argentina. And in spite of efforts to turn the Empire into a closed trading area in the interwar period, countries like Canada continued to be drawn into the American sphere of economic influence.

The fifth and perhaps most interesting, to Americans at least, is the degree to which India remained utterly central to imperial self-definition. "The Raj," Judd writes, "was a source of inestimable pride to . . . many Britons . . . It was, in their eyes, an almost philanthropic venture, though based on sound money." As the Viceroy, Lord Curzon, put it in 1901, the loss of India would mean that Britain "would drop straight away to a third-rate power." As late as the 1920s and 1930s, Judd acidly observes, many Tory members of Parliament were "more concerned about Indian issues . . . than they were about unemployment."

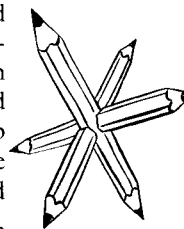
The sixth and last is the degree to which the Empire was always based to some extent on illusion—it was never as powerful, as profitable, or as secure as it seemed. Indeed, this book is peppered throughout with anecdotes that attest to periodic crises of confidence suffered by the British imperial class; one attempt

to forestall decline in the Edwardian period was the founding of the Boy Scout movement, based partly on fear that the British race would be brought down by—this is not a misprint—masturbation.

Indeed, if Judd is to be believed, taken as a whole the Empire-builders were a pretty kinky bunch. Cecil Rhodes hated women; General Charles Gordon liked to scrub down dirty urchins in bathtubs; Lord Kitchener had a series of passionate friendships with his military aides; Colonel Robert Baden-Powell loved to gaze upon youthful naked men . . . And then—contrary to what Mme Edith Cresson seems to think—there were plenty of heterosexual officers and civil servants who made the most of the opportunities their positions afforded, mainly by maintaining relationships of concubinage with native women, at least until enough British women arrived to impose the proprieties of Edwardian and Victorian society. Judd reminds us, however, that the image of Victorian England as a sexually reticent society is a myth, and what was going on in the colonies was not all that different from what went on under stairs at home.

TO write history is to select—particularly when the subject matter is so vast and complex. The very process of selection we call interpretation, and Judd, like every other historian, has the right to his choices. His readers will immediately note an extreme ambivalence on his part. He is simply too good a scholar to damn the enterprise of Empire full bore, but he is also the very model of a New Labour Brit, so periodically we get large dollops of political correctness.

Judd's two pet hates are the United States and Israel, but he also has much to say about racism and economic exploitation, as if either were a British invention. He quotes with scorn the prediction of some Britons that independence would be "a catastrophe," for India, "bringing corruption, maladministration, and chaos in its train," although he admits that partition led to the deaths of 600,000 people. (He passes over the quality of Indian administration since 1947 in respectful silence.) He admits that one-party rule in Africa since independence has been a disaster for that continent's peoples, but insists that the indigenous political systems



that the British replaced were perfectly all right. When the spectacle of "corruption, maladministration, and chaos" becomes a bit too heavy to bear in the former colonies—from Jamaica to Ghana, from Pakistan to Sri Lanka—he trains his camera on Britain today, suffering, as he says, from "coarse materialism . . . post-industrial decline, and squalor." In the end, however, he has some nice things to say about Britain's intentions in governing a quarter of the earth's

surface, which were honorable by its lights, the only ones—Judd admits—by which it could have labored. In this sense the most telling anecdote relates to Brigadier General Michael O'Dwyer, who drowned the Amritsar uprising in blood. "I don't want to get better," he told his daughter-in-law as he lay dying of a stroke many years after the event. "I only want to die, and to know from my Maker whether I did right or wrong." □

## Nice Nazi

CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN

**T**HIS is a good account, both of Albert Speer's life and work with Hitler, and of the versions of his story that he presented at Nuremberg and (in somewhat different forms) later. Albert Speer was accepted as a member of the Nazi Party effective March 1, 1931. He soon won Hitler's

*The Good Nazi: The Life & Lies of Albert Speer, by Dan van der Vat (Houghton Mifflin, 406 pp., \$30)*

approval as an architect. As Speer later wrote: "After years of frustrated efforts I was wild to accomplish things—and 28 years old. For the commission to do a great building I would have sold my soul like Faust. Now I had found my Mephistopheles. He seemed no less engaging than Goethe's."

Mephistopheles continued to reward his Faust. Speer became Hitler's principal architect in 1934 and was awarded a house near Hitler's mountain retreat at the Berghof—a privilege that Speer shared only with Bormann and Göring. In February 1942 Speer succeeded Fritz Todt as Hitler's construction chief and as a result soon found himself in charge, under Hitler, of the construction aspects of the German war effort.

Later, after Germany's defeat, Speer was to claim that he had taken no part in the persecution of the Jews and that he had been barely aware that anything of the sort was going on. The record shows, however, that he played an active part in the mass eviction of Jews,

*Mr. O'Brien is the author most recently of The Long Affair: Thomas Jefferson and the French Revolution, 1785–1800 (Chicago).*

most of whom were subsequently murdered. According to an account prepared under Speer's direction:

In accordance with Speer's orders, a further action was started to clear about five thousand Jew-flats [*sic*]. The existing apparatus was appropriately enlarged so that the Jew-flats, despite the universal problems resulting from the war situation, could be made ready at top speed and be filled with demolition tenants from the areas to be cleared most urgently. By these measures the Jew-flats were brought into use for their predetermined purpose and on the other hand further empty flats were made ready for catastrophe purposes.

And a great deal more to similar effect.

From late 1942 onward, Speer was given charge of the same economic areas in the occupied East as came under his aegis in Germany as minister and inspector-general of construction, roads, water, and energy. By this time the Holocaust was already in full swing in these areas, and the repercussions of its organization and perpetration were dominating the railway and road systems of the area. It would have been impossible for a person with Speer's responsibilities not to be fully aware of what was going on and also impossible not to facilitate it when required to do so by its organizers, the chief of whom was Speer's boss, Adolf Hitler.

Late in the war, and knowing that it was already lost, Speer won some title to the recognition of the victorious Allies by obstructing the implementation of Hitler's scorched-earth policy. Partly as a result of this, and partly as I think for other reasons (see below), Speer got remarkably gentle treatment when he came to trial at Nuremberg.

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He was cross-examined in June 1946 by Justice Robert H. Jackson, a veteran Democratic politician and Truman appointee. As van der Vat writes:

Having heard Speer deny that he had been a member of the SS since his earliest party days in 1932 [actually 1931], Jackson gave an early example of his sloppy approach: "You filled in for you, but it was, I believe, not accepted or something like that?" Speer explained that he had sidestepped the high honorary SS rank Himmler had offered him several times [a most unlikely story]. Jackson got Speer to concede that he knew about Nazi anti-Semitism and that "the Jews were evacuated from Germany" [sic]. But Speer flatly denied involvement in the evacuations. Speer must have been confident that [the relevant documents] had not been found when he made this flat and untrue denial. . . . Jackson did not hesitate to ask one leading question after another, a practice forbidden in Anglo-Saxon legal procedure; not a few of them enabled the defendant to present himself in the best possible light unchallenged: "Is it not right that there was perhaps nobody at all in Hitler's entourage apart from yourself who had the courage to say to his face that the war was lost?" Speer did not find it unduly difficult to respond positively to such uninhibited blandness, like a tennis player dealing with a gentle lob.

Van der Vat does not speculate on the reasons for the "uninhibited blandness" of Justice Jackson's cross-examination; so let me offer what seems to be the likely political explanation of this phenomenon. Robert H. Jackson was—as van der Vat shows—a most undistinguished lawyer, but he was a highly successful politician, in the confidence of both Roosevelt and, later, Truman. It was Truman who appointed Jackson to his responsibilities at Nuremberg, which were at least as politically sensitive as they were judicially onerous. And the political context was quite delicate by the middle of 1946, when Speer's trial came on. By that time, it was clear that the Soviets would remain in control of the territories occupied by them in Central Europe, however the Allies might feel about that. The Cold War had in fact begun, and it might have escalated into a hot one. In the new context, the Nuremberg Trials were beginning to turn into an embarrassment to the victorious Allies, and particularly to the Americans, the people most preoccupied with the

global picture. The Americans looked as if they might soon be needing German allies, and they also knew that the Germans, while accepting their own defeat, resented the performances at Nurem-

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enough to understand  
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at Nuremberg.*

berg as seeming to make the entire burden of war-guilt rest solely on their shoulders. Yet the process set in motion at Nuremberg had to continue to a generally predetermined conclusion, at the risk of dire political repercussions among the Allied populations.

Thus a sweetener was needed to allay German resentment, and a sweetener was found in the discovery and presentation of a Good German in the person

of Albert Speer. Not perhaps altogether good, and not wholly to be exonerated, but about as good a German as was to be found in the forbidding circumstances, and at any rate a suitably penitent German. Speer was bright enough to understand the role he was expected to play if he was to save his skin, and he did save it, and then philosophically accepted his long jail sentence.

When he came out, he published his judiciously self-serving *Memoirs*, which were hugely successful in Germany, and he became a rich man. Many in Germany believed his story. But his oldest supporter throughout his jail years, Rudolf Wolters, became disillusioned with him after his release. Van der Vat's book ends with the words: "Until his death only Wolters . . . knew what Speer was really concealing, and to Wolters alone, in his own defense against his oldest friend's complaints, he confessed that the continual confession of guilt and the monotonous chant of repentance were only a sham [as Wolters wrote]: 'He himself called them his "tricks" to my face.'" □

## Unto Caesar

JOHN LAUGHLAND

IF ONE thing proves the conservative conviction that established institutions are usually wiser than individuals, but that those institutions

*Frozen Desire: The Meaning of Money, by James Buchan (Farrar, 320 pp., \$25)*

*The History of Money, by Jack Weatherford (Crown, 293 pp., \$25)*

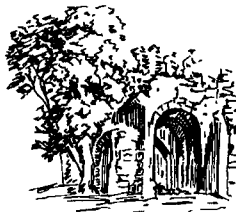
represent a delicate balance which rulers upset at society's peril, it is the history of money.

Edmund Burke's prescience in 1790 in saying that the French Revolution would lead to terror was probably thanks to his acute disgust at the revolutionaries' monetary policy. They created the *assignat* in December 1789, a currency he scorned as "depreciated paper which is stamped with the indelible mark of sacrilege," for it was supposedly based on the value of lands seized from the Church and the Crown. Burke saw what Goethe was

later to show in *Faust II*, when Mephistopheles persuades the Emperor to issue a paper currency: that to debase money and the law which underpins it is a devilish act which violates the sacredness of the social order itself. As Burke predicted, the *assignat* was indeed the handmaiden of terror, penury, and regicide—tens of billions of *livres* ran off the printing presses, which worked as frenetically as the guillotine—until the currency's short and ugly life came to an end when a great pile of the worthless notes was ceremonially immolated on the Place Vendôme on February 19, 1796.

Like Burke, James Buchan is a magnificent writer and a man of strong feelings. His *Frozen Desire: The Meaning of Money* is in many ways a brilliant book, filled with horror at money's brutal capacity to rend society asunder. "This yellow slave," Buchan quotes *Timon of*

Mr. Laughland is the author of *The Tainted Source: The Undemocratic Origins of the European Idea*.



*Athens*, "will knit and break religions; bless th'accurs'd; / Make the hoar lep-rosy ador'd; place thieves, / And give them title, knee, and approbation / With senators on the bench." Money is promiscuous—"it will just as happily serve a tyranny as guarantee liberty"—and immoral. Economics is a pseudoscience which has degraded into futile and pettifogging scholasticism, as a result of which, says Buchan, "the world is reduced to a scorching slum, its women to whores, its men to murderers."

Buchan's work benefits from his literary talent and historical sensitivity. The vignettes are wonderful: his trip to the Italian hill town where double-entry bookkeeping was invented ("You begin with the name of God," instructed Luca Pacioli); his magnificent tableau of Amsterdam almost literally floating in the sea after the dykes were breached in order to defend the city's banks against the French in 1671; and his terrifying description of Rembrandt's *Judas, Repentant, Returning the Pieces of Silver*.

Indeed, writes Buchan, it is not just society that money destroys: it even destroyed the Son of God. As Buchan shows, so many of the key events in the Gospels are monetary ones—from the nativity in Bethlehem because Mary and Joseph were on their way to Nazareth to register for tax purposes, to Christ's betrayal for a bag of coins. Indeed, asks Buchan, did Jesus refuse to pay tribute to the Temple tribute-collectors at Capernaum, and did he chase out the money changers in Jerusalem (who were on the steps of the Temple because money, levied from worshippers, was kept in it), precisely because he foresaw what use the money would be put to? Judas was paid off by the chief priests, after all.

At bottom, however, Buchan is deeply wrong. So convinced is he that money is diabolic that he even accuses Jesus Christ of digging his own doctrinal grave by retorting to the Pharisees, who presented him with a Roman coin and asked whether tax should be paid, "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God that which is God's." Buchan thinks Jesus sold the pass here by opening up a space for the reign of Mammon which, like a ghastly cuckoo, has now usurped the place of Christianity entirely. Adam Smith is the Antichrist, but his letters of credit are signed "J.C."

Buchan is wrong because in the beauty of Jesus' reply here lies the key to crucial elements of Western civilization.

In that one remark, Jesus legitimized the existence of states—not "the economy," as Buchan thinks, for Caesar's head symbolizes the law. The authority of states should be subordinate to, but not engulfed by, the spiritual realm: in other words, the state and its law should be modest and prudent, but grounded in transcendent morality, and money should repose on that law. Religion, meanwhile, is universal and applies to all mankind regardless of race or creed; it is also at least partly a matter of priv-

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transaction.*

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ate conscience. Nor can money be all bad if, at the deepest level of Christian metaphysics, the relationship between man and God is described in the language of monetary transaction: Christ the *Redeemer* told us to pray to God to "forgive us our debts."

Because Buchan does not share this analysis, his journey through the gallery of monetary horrors leaves him lunging at imaginary and real monsters alike. He combines what appears to be admirable rigor—his brilliant analysis of *The Merchant of Venice* leads to such stabbing phrases as, "Like Shylock, J. S. Mill and Jevons [the economist] could not distinguish money and humanity"—with a strange admiration for the abominable John Law, the Scottish murderer and con-man who enthralled the French kings and bankrupted that country in 1720. And he fails to grasp what is truly ghastly about Keynes's remark, "In the long run we are all dead," blaming it on the influence of "economics," whereas the simple truth is that Keynes's vision was exceptionally inhuman. That is why he was as happy to write in the service of Soviet Communism in the 1920s, as he was to preface the 1936 German translation of his *General Theory* with the cool admission that his policies were

## **The Reagan Reversal** *Foreign Policy and the End of the Cold War*

Beth A. Fischer

It is often assumed that Ronald Reagan's administration was reactive in bringing about the end of the Cold War, that it was Mikhail Gorbachev's "new thinking" and congenial personality that led the administration to abandon its hard-line approach toward Moscow. In *The Reagan Reversal*, Beth A. Fischer convincingly demonstrates that President Reagan actually began seeking a rapprochement with the Kremlin fifteen months before Gorbachev took office.

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easier to apply in a totalitarian state than in a liberal economy.

IN OTHER words, Buchan does not see what Jack Weatherford shows with magnificent clarity: that there is a difference between real money and fake. Buchan says that money can serve dictatorships and democracies alike, but the same might be said of parliaments: in the latter case the money and the parliament are real, in the former they are bogus. With an easy and open style (something of a relief from the vibrant prose of the urgent Scot Buchan) this professor from Minnesota allows the distinction to emerge between commodity currencies—gold, for instance—which are based on an honest contractual relationship between the issuer of money and the user of it, and paper currencies. The former flow from a just structure of

law, and thus act as a conveyor of the values (both economic and social) of the past to the future, while the latter are only ever an instrument by which the parasitic state saps the life-blood of the economy, and eats away at the sinews of social cohesion.

Weatherford's *History of Money* is clear, authoritative, entertaining, and highly acute. But even he cannot resist a little whiff of apocalypse at the end. While Buchan sees the eventual eclipse of money, Weatherford announces its imminent triumph over all other values. Neither man seems to allow instead for a healthy return to a past golden age, when money was part of the fabric of a just society, not its nemesis. After all, that which was born in ancient Greece at the same time as the alphabet and democratic politics cannot be the root of all evil. □

ideological axe-grinding. Most opponents of the Standards do not object to more minorities and women in history; they do object to bias, distortion, and romanticizing the "Other" (e.g., the Aztecs' accomplishments are extolled, but their practice of human sacrifice is ignored). The Standards portray the

*In a revealing passage,  
the authors draw a  
comparison between  
historians and lawyers.*

Cold War as "swordplay" between morally equivalent opponents; describe the radical feminism of *Ms.* magazine as "compelling"; and declare that American civilization is the result of a "convergence" of three cultures, Mesoamerican, West African, and European, rather than a product of Western civilization.

Moreover, this bias is not confined to a few examples in the original version of the Standards, but is systemic throughout both the original and the revised Standards. For example, in a content analysis of both documents, social scientists Robert Lerner and Althea Nagai found that issues of race, ethnicity, and gender were emphasized nearly three times more often than issues of political liberty.

Nor do the Standards represent a more "democratic" history. Quota history, ensuring that every group is proportionally represented in every story of the past regardless of the evidence, subverts objectivity and truth in the interests of current ideological politics.

Finally, the dichotomy posed by the authors between the "democratic values of open inquiry" and "instilling patriotism" is ironic, because both in the National History Standards and in *History on Trial* Nash et al. do not merely call for "inquiry," but also advocate a definite political stance: support for the "unfinished agendas" of egalitarian social reform. The social "agendas" they endorse are not, of course, the programs of tax limiters or right-to-lifers but the utopian visions of the radical feminists and multiculturalists. Thus, while condemning their opponents as seeking to "instill" what they mockingly call "Ozzie and Harriet patriotism," Nash et al.

## History and Its Enemies

JOHN FONTE

FIRST, a disclaimer. I appear in this book about a half a dozen times as a minor villain—a rather unpleasant and abrasive fellow who assists the chief villain, Lynne Cheney, in her opposition to the National His-

*History on Trial: Culture Wars and the Teaching of the Past, by Gary B. Nash, Charlotte Crabtree, and Ross E. Dunn (Knopf, 352 pp., \$26)*

tory Standards. Now that my cards are on the table let us proceed.

The authors of this book—Gary B. Nash, a history professor at UCLA; Charlotte Crabtree, an education professor emeritus at UCLA; and Ross E. Dunn, a history professor at California State University, San Diego—are the principal architects of the National History Standards, which were condemned by the U.S. Senate, 99 to 1, for ideological bias. Professor Nash, an advocate of the new social history since the 1960s, the organizer of the Angela Davis defense committee in the 1970s, and a major influence on high-school curricula and textbooks during the past decade, is undoubtedly the principal author of

*History on Trial*. The book is a memoir of one battle in the culture war that also makes some generalizations about "history wars" in America's past and in other countries today.

*History on Trial* develops the following major themes. Americans have always argued about their history. Revisionism is what historians do; they constantly reinterpret the past. The new historical scholarship and methodology of the last thirty years, with its emphasis on minorities, women, ordinary people, and non-Western cultures, has resulted, as Lawrence Levine puts it, in the "opening of the American mind." It is more "democratic" than traditional scholarship because through it students are able to "see themselves" in history. It is not relativist, but forms a new "grand narrative": the story of the "struggles of groups" that have "suffered" exploitation against "their exploiters." Critics of the National Standards object because they are against "including" more women and minorities in history. The Right is harming "democratic values of open inquiry" by "muzzling" museums, "censoring" curricula, and attempting to "instill patriotism" in students.

Thus, the book mixes truisms with



*Mr. Fonte is an adjunct scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.*

clearly hope to instill their own set of ideological values in young Americans.

The authors presume to speak for the "professional community" of historians, but their book often mischaracterizes or ignores the views of leading historians who either deviate from prevailing orthodoxies in general or oppose the History Standards in particular. Thus, the work of the former Librarian of Congress Daniel Boorstin in American history is decried as "flamboyant boosterism." And, while the authors admit that Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s *The Disuniting of America* "exposes Afrocentric excess," they criticize the work for "lapses into Eurocentric triumphalism."

Both John Patrick Diggins and Paul Gagnon are unfairly condemned as "cultural essentialists" who adhere to the "anachronistic" and "ahistorical" idea that civilizations contain unchanging "essential attributes" or "culturally genetic traits such as love of freedom." Of course, neither Diggins nor Gagnon argues any such thing. What both do argue, in different scholarly works, is that it is more important for American students to study the roots of liberal democracy in Western civilization than the origins of pre-democratic ideas in non-Western societies. Moreover, neither scholar ever suggests that civilizations are incapable of change over time. Thus, *History on Trial* recklessly distorts their views.

Elizabeth Fox-Genovese writes that "nowhere in those [history] standards . . . will you find any mention of that fact that it was the Western tradition that first produced the idea of individual freedom." For that, the authors accuse her of "project[ing] identity politics onto the globe," because national standards in world history should not "take on the task of ranking peoples and civilizations" in order to "rhapsodize over Western moral success." Although Pulitzer Prize-winning historian Walter McDougall wrote two major articles in *Commentary* critical of the Standards, neither his name nor his critique is mentioned. Likewise, the criticism by historian Forrest McDonald, chosen by the National Endowment for the Humanities to deliver its prestigious Jefferson Lecture, is ignored.

The book makes many statements that range from the sloppy to the bizarre. Sloppy: the assertion that President Clinton's GOALS 2000 legislation had strong bi-partisan support. (A quick check of the *Congressional Record* would have revealed overwhelming Republican

opposition to the legislation.) Bizarre: "Limbaugh's millions of listeners could not know that Lynne Cheney, talking from Congressman Newt Gingrich's limousine by car phone, had prepped Rush for his tirade." In fact, Mrs. Cheney never prepped Limbaugh while riding in Gingrich's limo, any more than she prepped Martians in Roswell, New Mexico, on the intricacies of teacher training.

In a particularly revealing passage, Nash et al. argue that a historian is much like a lawyer. Historical "interpretation," the authors tell us, is "little different from the work of a lawyer who gathers evidence and builds a case to present to a jury. . . . As lawyers write briefs, so do historians." This analogy is clumsy at best, wildly inaccurate at

worst. Attorneys are advocates who serve clients; they do not present evidence contrary to their client's interests unless forced to do so. Historians are not advocates; they do not have clients whose interests they are obliged to serve. If they find evidence contrary to their theories, they are expected to bring this information to light and either refute it or change their position.

It is not surprising that Nash et al. draw the analogy between historians and lawyers. The authors operate like attorneys for the "agendas" of the 1960s. Their clients are the historians, museum curators, and activists who advocate the ideas of that decade; and *History on Trial* is a brief, worthy of William Kunstler, for their clients' viewpoints. □

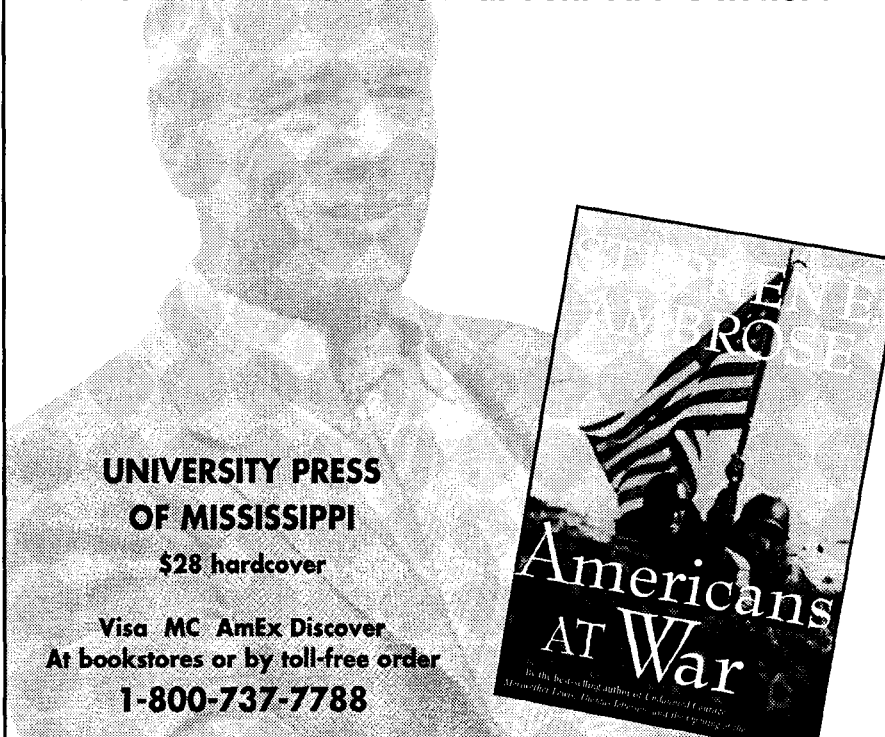
## The Japanese Holocaust

RUSSELL JENKINS

**I**N August 1995 the *Washington Post* ran the following headline: "Fifty Years after the Bomb, Japan Agonizes over Its Role in the War." Ag-

onizes? Really? A survey conducted in Japan that very month found that nearly half of those polled felt that Japan had done enough to compensate for its

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actions. As the historian Noburu Kojima has put it, "How long must we apologize for the mistakes we have made?" That doesn't sound like a nation agonizing over its past. Japanese films and novels about World War II routinely depict Japan as the injured party in that conflict. And only this August did the Japanese Supreme Court rule that the government illegally deleted references in schoolbooks to atrocities the Japanese army committed during the war. This being the case, one wonders whether Iris Chang's *The Rape of Nanking* will ever see the light of day in the Land of the Rising Sun.

What Miss Chang has done is nothing spectacular; it is, however, uncommonly useful. She has provided a very readable, well-organized account of the "incident" (as Japanese textbooks prefer to call it) at the Nationalist Chinese capital of Nanking in the winter of 1937 and spring of 1938. Her subtitle, *The Forgotten Holocaust of World War II*, is no overstatement. Most histories mention the Rape only in cursory terms, a sentence here, a paragraph there. It has achieved the status of, say, the slaughter at Cawnpore or the St. Bartholomew's Day massacre: a monster story at the time, only dimly remembered or understood now.

Miss Chang has rescued this episode from its undeserved obscurity. Her book gives us the political and military

***The Rape of Nanking: The Forgotten Holocaust of World War II, by Iris Chang (Basic, 278 pp., \$25)***

background, details of the subsequent butchery, and personal accounts from participants, victims, and rescuers. (The last of these categories notably includes John Rabe, a Nazi official on the scene with sufficient stature to permit him to write to Hitler on behalf of the residents of Nanking.) She attempts to demonstrate the considerable influence the Code of Bushido had on Japanese behavior, and to lay bare the political forces at work after the war which served to encourage amnesia on the subject. Also made plain is the complicity of the Japanese royal house in the operation. And, in an unflattering contrast to Germany's experience, she notes the postwar political and financial success of the men who ordered the killing of unarmed prisoners and permitted the

wanton murder of noncombatants and the rape of twenty to eighty thousand women, along with other varieties of sexual torture.

The numbers stagger, and they are well documented. Miss Chang accepts that at least 260,000 Chinese lost their lives in the Rape. Her statistics are those cited by the Allied military tribunal in bringing the perpetrators (all 28 of them, we are told) to justice. Some

## *The Rape of Nanking reminds us of how recently Japan emerged from its medieval period.*

estimates put the figure of those killed in the 350,000 range, while others go higher still.

To put this in perspective, consider that the United States, on all fronts, lost 323,000 in the four years of World War II. Or that at Auschwitz the Nazis killed on average 350,000 every two months. The Japanese killed roughly the same number in a few months without the benefit of the technology of mass murder available to the Nazis and without the advantage of concentration camps.

What's more, the Japanese troops weren't "specialized": nothing comparable to the *Einsatzgruppen* existed in their military. These were the boys next door. In his casting about for ordinary men who submissively participated in crimes too huge to be imagined, Professor Christopher Browning settled on the members of the SS police battalions. One wonders if he might have more profitably examined the men who formed the rank and file of the regular



Japanese army in China (or the Philippines, for that matter).

The ferocity of the Japanese Imperial forces in the aftermath of battle defies the usual military explanation for such episodes: that the defenders had so bloodied the attackers that the latter were sent into a paroxysm of rage. No. The Chinese army resisted for four days and then, in an effort to preserve its strength, withdrew, leaving the city at the mercy of the Japanese. This wasn't Stalingrad; it wasn't even Bastogne.

So why did it happen? Modern Japan is a country famed for its advanced economy and high-tech industries. But the Rape of Nanking reminds us how recently Japan emerged from its medieval age: a scant 140 years ago, less than 100 at the time of the Rape. What European armies did during the Thirty Years War (which occurred at roughly the same remove from their medieval epoch), the soldiers of Hirohito did at Nanking. The rules of war the Japanese were abiding by were those of the twelfth century, not the twentieth. It is like contemplating a hybrid wolf/dog, only a generation removed from its wild ancestors, seemingly domesticated but capable at any moment of reverting to savagery. Miss Chang makes it clear that more than a couple of generations are required to alter the habits of mind produced by centuries of isolation.

Japan is today considered a more or less pacifist nation, and a member in good standing in the community of Western states. Yet given the attitudes toward the history of the war found among certain elements of Japanese society, one cannot fault the casual observer for supposing that Japan hasn't fully abandoned the culture of the more militaristically inclined Shogunates for that of modern liberalism. Iris Chang offers compelling evidence that, at least as recently as 1937, it hadn't. □

## Webster, Unabridged

FORREST McDONALD

RECENTLY, my seminar students were engaged in a vigorous discussion apropos of David Hume's dictum that there is no necessary connection between private mo-

rality and public virtue or disinterested service to the common good. As long as they focused upon the present, the students tended to disagree with Hume, maintaining that the scumbags in Wash-

*Mr. Jenkins is a research assistant at NR.*

ington today are both personally immoral and heedless of the best interests of the country. But as they looked back to the Founding generation and its nineteenth-century successors, they were

*Daniel Webster: A Conservative in a Democratic Age*, by Robert V. Remini (Norton, 850 pp., \$39.95)

able to name many men whose private lives could not stand close scrutiny but who in their political capacity were dedicated to the public weal.

A case in point is Daniel Webster, the subject of a new biography by the eminent political historian Robert V. Remini. In his personal affairs, Webster was far from a paragon. He deceived and betrayed his friends and admirers shamelessly. He was an inveterate wom-

*Webster could address  
twenty thousand  
listeners—without  
amplification—and  
convey great nuance.*

anizer, and, given what Henry Kissinger has called the aphrodisiac of power and celebrity, he had abundant opportunities for dalliance. He was a heavy boozier, and his drinking so increased during his second, unhappy marriage that he developed cirrhosis of the liver, which would have killed him except that a blow to the head suffered in a carriage accident beat cirrhosis to it.

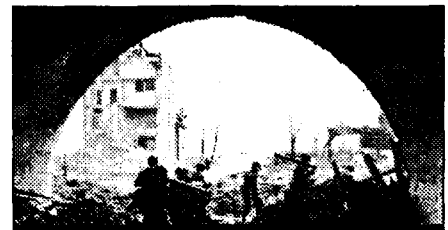
His most serious shortcomings had to do with money. He earned enormous fees as a lawyer, being probably the ablest practitioner of his time, but he never had enough and he was perpetually in debt. His impecuniosity stemmed partly from generosity: he gave to the deserving poor, and on a number of occasions he bought slaves in order to free them, usually providing them employment in his household. Many of his financial woes arose from ill-conceived speculations in Western lands and other investments. But mostly he got into trouble through profligacy, spending lavishly on his country estate and buying expensive things with the addictive

*Mr. McDonald teaches history at the University of Alabama.*

abandon of a modern credit-card junkie. He often neglected to repay his debts, even to friends who themselves were strapped. He made ends meet, more or less, by being a kept politician: groups of wealthy merchants and manufacturers, in whose interests he toiled diligently, regularly gave him large sums to keep up the good work. One critical historian has written that he asked "no particular quid pro quo other than a bribe." That is putting it too harshly, but it is true that as Secretary of State Webster did sell diplomatic appointments.

So much for the Webster who, according to Remini, was commonly known as "Black Dan." But there was another Webster, whom Remini describes perceptively, who was known to conservatives in New England as the "God-like Daniel," a great man who served his country well in several capacities. One was as a constitutional lawyer: in five of the eight most celebrated cases decided by the Supreme Court under John Marshall, including *Dartmouth College v. Woodward* and *McCulloch v. Maryland*, the opinion was drawn largely from Webster's pleadings. Another was as a leader in the Senate. Repeatedly, in times of strain, Webster rose as the voice of reason, moderation, and patriotism, and so persuasive was he that all but the dogmatically radical followed his lead. The most renowned occasions were during the nullification crisis of 1830 (the Webster-Hayne debates: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable") and during the sectional crisis that preceded the Compromise of 1850. Still another role in which he served admirably was as Secretary of State. Under John Tyler, he negotiated the Webster-Ashburton Treaty (1842), which avoided what seemed certain to be a war between the United States and Great Britain. During the same Administration he became the architect of what would long be America's policy toward China, and later, under Millard Fillmore, he oversaw Commodore Matthew Perry's expedition which opened Japan.

His achievements as statesman, however, were overshadowed by his accomplishments as orator. His voice was a natural gift that enabled him to address audiences of five, ten, twenty thousand—without amplification, of course—and convey to them subtle nuances whether in whispers or in thunder. But he also worked hard on his orations, developing and polishing them weeks in



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advance. For his more famous performances, such as the Plymouth speech (1820), the Bunker Hill Commemorative Oration (1825), the Second Reply to Hayne (1830), and the Seventh of March speech (1850), he made copious notes but never had to use them. He had a phenomenal memory.

One might think oratory an ephemeral means of influencing the course of a nation's destiny. But Webster saw to it that his every major address was published and widely disseminated; no fewer than 200,000 copies of the Seventh of March speech were circulated. A measure of their influence is that schoolboys the nation over were memorizing and reciting Webster's orations for generations after he was dead.

Webster's message to his audiences was a set of variations on a few related themes: that America was a thrice-

blessed land, that Americans owed a debt of gratitude to God and to their forebears who gave them free institutions, and that they must honor, preserve, and cherish those institutions—the Union, a government of laws, and the Constitution. My favorite lines of Webster's come from an early speech that I first heard quoted by Ed Meese:

We live under the only government that ever existed, which was formed by the deliberate consultations of the people. Miracles do not cluster. That which has happened but once in six thousand years, cannot be expected to happen often. Such a government, once destroyed, would leave a void to be filled, perhaps for centuries, with evolution and tumult, riot and despotism.

The intellectual force of Webster's orations was powerful, but when he spoke like that, he made men's hearts sing. □

## A Serious Character

RICHARD SAMUELSON

**P**AUL C. Nagel has spent half a career writing about the Adams family. His latest book, a biography of John Quincy Adams, is perhaps the best of the lot. Although he set out

*John Quincy Adams: A Public Life, a Private Life, by Paul C. Nagel (Knopf, 448 pp., \$30)*

to explore the "inner J. Q. Adams," and even consulted a psychiatrist during his research, this book displays few of the psychological excesses of his earlier works. Instead it details one of the most fascinating careers in American history in a straight forward manner, emphasizing Adams's own thoughts and deeds.

From his work on the U.S. mission to Russia in 1781 as a mere cub of 14, to his death on the floor of the House in 1848, and with service in between as America's minister to several European courts, as a state and then U.S. senator from Massachusetts, as Secretary of State, and then as President, Adams rendered yeoman service to the Union. Beyond politics, Adams was one of the most lettered

men of his age. He was the first Boylston Professor of Rhetoric at Harvard, and he produced several volumes of translation from Latin, Greek, German, and French into English, as well as other scholarly works. Throughout his career Adams took stock of his actions in his diary. There, he ruminated daily on how his deeds affected, not his political future, but the state of his soul. Adams was no Bill Clinton, or Jack Kennedy for that matter.

His character comes through in the little details. His inability to keep either his cravat or his hair in place brings forth the image of a scholar and litterateur, rather than of a statesman and politician. The permanent ink stain on his right thumb and forefinger conjures up a man who could barely function without pen in hand. Adams was always worrying through a problem on the page before him.

By relating several well-selected anecdotes, Nagel both amuses his reader and illuminates his subject. One such tale shows Adams's intensity better than any number of pages of analysis possibly could. In his 71st year, Adams suffered digestive problems, and his doctor told him to dissolve in water and drink three

drops of sulphuric acid daily. Assuming that more was invariably better, Adams dissolved five drops instead of three and developed massive blisters on his tongue and a nasty sore throat.

In one of the most notorious episodes of any Presidency, Adams's competitive streak nearly cost the nation his services. For his daily exercise, Adams had taken to swimming in the Potomac. As a matter of course, the diurnal swim became a test of presidential vigor. One day as he arrived at the river with his son John and his servant Guista in tow, he saw an old boat by the shore and determined to

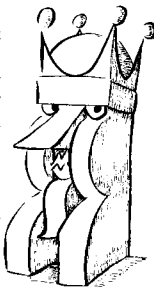
*John Quincy  
Adams was no Bill  
Clinton, or Jack  
Kennedy for that  
matter.*

row it across the river and see if he could swim back. His son took one look at the boat and beat a swift retreat to the White House. Half way across the river, the President pushed onward. The boat filled with water. Guista, who had been rowing, swam for safety. The boat sinking rapidly, Adams jumped into the water, still clad in his long-sleeved shirt and pantaloons, and barely reached the shore.

Nagel describes the denouement. Once on the shore,

the shirt and pantaloons that had nearly pulled the President under were wrung out and donned by Guista so that he could search for a vehicle to carry them back to the Executive Mansion. Now entirely unclad, Adams stayed behind to sit on a rock and ponder his folly. By then, a passerby who witnessed some of the excitement had taken a garbled report into town, starting a rumor that journalists picked up, to the effect that the Chief Executive had drowned.

Rather than laugh at the foolishness that had led to his brush with death, Adams confronted the situation gravely, resolving that he would never again swim "to show what I can do . . . I must strictly confine myself to the purposes of health, exercise, and salutary labor." The ideas of recreation and amusement were foreign to him. Life was fundamentally about being purposeful.



*Mr. Samuelson is a doctoral candidate in history at the University of Virginia.*

Although he gives full play to this humorless side, Nagel also softens the image we have of Adams. He was a much-sought-after dinner companion in both Europe and America, and a devotee of theater and opera. When distance separated him for too long from Mrs. Adams, he penned verses that were not exactly puritanical. Despite his grim determination, Adams could be charming.

Unfortunately, by dwelling upon Adams's own life and words and neglecting their larger historical context, Nagel makes it more difficult for his readers to grasp the forces that drove Adams onward. He wanted success not just for himself, but for the greater glory of his family, his country, and his God. In pursuing these goals he received strength and inspiration from several sources. From his Puritan ancestors, Adams learned that God has allotted each of us a certain time on earth and a certain stock of talents, which each man is duty-bound to improve in His service. From the Whig political



tradition, Adams took his belief in disinterested public service in the name of the general good. From the Enlightenment, he drew his promethean ambition. He strove to help man reach a higher plane of life and to move toward Immanuel Kant's dream of perpetual peace. Without this historical background, it is difficult to appreciate the link between the demands that Adams placed on himself and the goals that he sought in this world. At heart, Adams was uncomfortable with limits.

Yet these oversights put only a small dent in a well-crafted life of one of America's giants. Nagel adds some sugar to the character of a man remembered as a supreme sourpuss, and in the process reminds us that the selfish ambition of our current leaders was not always the American norm. The lesson of Adams's life is that the quest for glory and fame need not be the cynical, self-serving game that it has become in this age of leaders who would rather be on Mount Rushmore than in Heaven. □

want her. Then Dr. Sloper dies and Morris renews his suit. This time, Catherine has her revenge as she spurns him.

The Holland version, written by Carol Doyle, an actress turned scenarist, ignores the Goetzes' ending, with Townsend vainly banging on the Sloper front door as Catherine icily listens within and then goes back up the stairs. The new, Jamesian conclusion, with Catherine sending the man packing after

*Agnieszka Holland's Washington Square sticks closer to James's text than have previous adaptations. That is its first mistake.*

a short conversation inside the house, is infinitely less powerful as an acted ending, whatever may hold true on the page. And there are other, no less infelicitous, changes.

All previous Catherine's were played by women; Jennifer Jason Leigh, the incumbent, is an eternal child. She remains a tomboy physically, vocally, and behaviorally in this role too, and she lacks both a period sense and the proper genteel bearing. All this slants the film toward a present-day feminist tone. Add to this Albert Finney's roly-poly, rather more demotic Dr. Sloper, and Maggie Smith's fluttery and unctuous caricature of Aunt Lavinia (Miss Smith's performances have become quite unwatchable), further shifting the emphasis toward vulgarization. Ben Chaplin is an adequate though undistinguished Morris, and the good Judith Ivey does what she can with the thankless role of Aunt Elizabeth.

There is a laudable period look to the movie, shot in Union Square and other Baltimore locations, although bringing in background shots of mid-nineteenth-century urban vignettes further detracts from the psychological drama. Jerzy Zielinski's cinematography is on target, but the overinsistent, though tuneful, music by Jan A. P. Kaczmarek is a problem. His fancy footwork includes setting a well-known twentieth-century poem, "Tu chiami una vita" by Salvatore Quasimodo, as a pseudo-Rossinian duet for Catherine and Morris at the piano,

## FILM

# Climbing, Social and Mountain

JOHN SIMON

**H**ENRY James's early novel *Washington Square*, adapted by Ruth and Augustus Goetz as *The Heiress*, was a Broadway hit in 1947 with Wendy Hiller and Basil Rathbone. An equally effective movie version of it (1949) was directed by William Wyler and starred Olivia de Havilland, Ralph Richardson, and Montgomery Clift. The play was successfully revived a couple of seasons ago with Cherry Jones superb in the title role. After all this, the new movie directed by Agnieszka Holland, and reverting to the original title, *Washington Square*, comes as an anticlimax, even though it sticks closer to James's text. That is its first mistake.

Miss Holland, a Polish filmmaker working in the West, always struck me as overrated. Best known for such films as *Europa, Europa* and *Olivier, Olivier*

(her more recent *The Secret Garden* and *Total Eclipse* were well-deserved flops), she has never made a movie that impressed me, and this feminist version of *Washington Square*, which might as well have been entitled with similar echolalia *Catherine, Catherine*, is no exception. It is the story, you'll recall, of Catherine Sloper, the plain young heiress who falls for the dashing Morris Townsend's impassioned wooing. But her sardonic, domineering father, Dr. Austin Sloper, warns her that the young man is only after her fortune, and says he'll disinherit her if she elopes with him.

Dr. Sloper has never forgiven Catherine for causing the death of his beautiful, beloved wife in childbirth, and for being, unlike her mother, homely. She grows up mocked and bullied by her father, yet his obedient, adoring slave. Only in the case of Morris does she attempt to rebel, but father was right: without her fortune, Morris doesn't

Mr. Simon is NR's film critic.

which may work musically but jars verbally. Even more blatant anachronisms occur in the dialogue. When the adolescent Catherine, afraid to sing for her father's guests, mutely wets herself, Dr. Sloper surveys the puddle at her feet and tells a servant, "There's been an accident or something." And when the grown Catherine fetches a drink for her father, she plunks it down with a rather un-Jamesian "Here you go."

■ Jean-Jacques Annaud's latest, *Seven Years in Tibet*, may be one of his least successful films, but it does not lack merit. It is based on the autobiography of Heinrich Harrer, a leading Austrian mountain climber, who abandoned his pregnant wife in 1939 for an expedition to climb Nanga Pargat, one of the highest peaks in the Himalayas. On the way down, the Austrians were taken prisoner by the British in India, as war had broken out. Eventually Harrer and a fellow climber, Peter Aufschnaiter, managed to escape, and wandered for two years through the Himalayas.

They had many, often hairy, adventures before arriving at the holy city of Lhasa, which few Westerners had set foot in. Here Peter married and settled down with a local maiden, while Heinrich, against all odds, befriended the adolescent Dalai Lama, and eventually became his tutor. But the tutor learned as much from his pupil: about Buddhism, spirituality, and the good life, and about how much he really missed his own unseen son, who refused repeated attempts at a correspondence. Then China invaded Tibet, and Harrer tried to help, but the odds were overwhelming. Encouraged by the Dalai Lama, he returned to Austria, where his wife had remarried and his son at first avoided him. But Harrer, humanized by his Tibetan experiences, wins him over with the gift of a music box that plays "*Clair de lune*," and soon father and son are climbing mountains together.

Such an outline focuses on what is weakest about this movie, the plot. Though based on fact, it contains some highly improbable elements; but there are also tough, funny, wry, and perky episodes in Becky Johnston's screenplay. And Annaud has directed with his customary verve amid ravishing scenery, peopled by racy characters. The nexus between Harrer and the Dalai Lama does not become as warmly compelling as it might have and is not helped by Brad Pitt's performance or his fake Ger-

man accent. But David Thewlis is a thoroughly enjoyable Aufschnaiter, and the Tibetan and other exotic actors perform persuasively. Annaud wanted to shoot in the Himalayas, which for a variety of reasons proved impossible. So he filmed partly in Argentina and partly in British Columbia, with the Andes and Rockies, as it were, rising to the occasion.

Three cinematographers produced unpostcardy wonders, and John Williams supplied a surprisingly fresh and restrained score with cello solos by Yo-Yo Ma. Excellent, too, are the costumes made in Italy by the veteran designer Enrico Sabbatini from fabric shipped in from Tibet, the finished costumes then shipped out to Argentina, to which the United States had to export a number of yaks. There is splendid production design from the Vietnamese At Hoang (a

truly international venture, this), who masterfully re-created Lhasa in the foothills of the Andes. *Seven Years in Tibet* is never boring, and I suspect that some of its unfavorable notices were politically motivated.

After principal photography was finished, the German magazine *Der Stern* outed Heinrich Harrer, who is still living, as having been a member of both the SA and the SS—much more of a Nazi than Annaud had realized. But some material added to the movie seems to me to cover the matter sufficiently, and if Tibet could make a good father out of Harrer, why not a better human being generally? His friendship with the Nobel Peace Prize-winning Dalai Lama continues to this day. Last but not least, the film gives us some idea of the enormities perpetrated on Tibet by Communist China, which brutally annexed it. □

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

*Warriors of the Rising Sun: A History of the Japanese Military*, by Robert B. Edgerton (Norton, 384 pp., \$29.95)

THIS book is a useful addition to the growing literature on a neglected aspect of twentieth-century history. The Imperial Japanese Army eventually came so to dominate Japan's society and state that the army's values and goals became the country's values and goals. This much is familiar; less well known is how the Japanese Army changed in the process. The strength of Edgerton's book lies in his well-illustrated narrative chronicling this change. Virtually forgotten today, in the wake of such horrors as the Bataan Death March, is the fact that the Japanese were once lauded (e.g., during the Russo-Japanese War and World War I) for their respect for the "rules of war"—particularly their humane treatment of prisoners. Edgerton documents how the insidious combination of unchecked power and racist ideology—and the Japanese of the Thirties and Forties were animated by a racism that rivaled the Aryan Superman fantasies of Nazi Germany—dissolved internal constraints and transformed the Japanese Army into a vehicle for crimes against humanity on a scale that pales only in comparison with the Holocaust.

—MICHAEL B. KING

*Randolph Bourne and the Politics of Cultural Radicalism*, by Leslie Vaughn (University of Kansas, 266 pp., \$35)

IN HER introduction to this book, the author succinctly describes Randolph Bourne as a "leading figure in the pre-World War I rebellion of America . . . a time of political activism, cultural experimentation, and youthful optimism." Bourne is remembered primarily for his antiwar sentiments, notably his remark that "war is the health of the state." This book is not a biography, but an attempt to place Bourne's radicalism into a historical and cultural context. In this respect it succeeds admirably. In fact, Miss Vaughn has perhaps succeeded too well. Her recounting of the intellectual history of prewar radicalism is at least as compelling as the specifics of Bourne's life and work—her analysis of Theodore Dreiser is particularly noteworthy—and her exhaustive research into the era's political genealogy occasionally overshadows her subject. Still, Miss Vaughn's impressive scholarship and clear prose make *Randolph Bourne* a pleasure to read. Regardless of theme, it is a miracle nowadays to see an academic work that places more value on the construction of the past than on the deconstruction of the present.

—MITT BEAUCHESNE



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#### MINOGUE

(Continued from page 46)

for their retirement. In this case, it might seem as if nothing very serious has changed, yet the individual has lost a small and precious element of responsible freedom.

The loss of this small and precious element is most conspicuous in the realm of sexual conduct. Sex is a relatively weak drive in primitive and poor communities, but it becomes explosive in rich and well-fed societies like our own. The history of the twentieth century has been a ceaseless struggle between inherited conventions which sought to limit sex and channel it, on the one hand, and the liberated impulse which many people found to be the most natural and rational thing, on the other.

It is perhaps odd that sex is not usually advanced as a fundamental human right. The rhetoric in this case has always been the demand for equality, so that what began as marital rights (and therefore conditional) end up universalized. This has been how homosexual rights and sex for the disabled, for example, have moved out of the private realm into public concern. To universalize tends to destroy, and this has been the effect on marriage of universal sexuality.

It is also how Big Brother has made it into the bedroom. Our sexual practices are under heavy surveillance. Governments have decreed sex education in public schools and campaigns to persuade everyone (even, to the amusement of cynics, monogamous husbands and wives) to use condoms. In some countries, they even exhort us to get out there and . . . well, fornicate.

The Health Education Authority in Britain, for example, has come to the conclusion that prudery lies behind Britain's having the highest teenage pregnancy rate in Western Europe. The head of the Family Planning Association, which is associated with the venture, has a philosophy to cover this move. "Sex is a normal, enjoyable part of everyday life," she is reported as saying, "and should be treated as such. Countries with more open attitudes toward sex have lower rates of unplanned pregnancy and studies show that young people are less likely to have early sex if there is good communication about the subject at home. We are emphasizing that sex is fun and talking is the key to a healthy sex life." Or, as

advanced Swedes used to say, sexual intercourse was just like having a glass of water.

This doesn't leave much of mystery and romance. But it does worse than that. Official intrusions of this kind are, when they come from clergymen, little more than irritating, but when they come from governments they warn us that something worse than being told what to think during "awareness weeks" is afoot. For here we have a pattern of governmental involvement which threatens to lock backlash into the concrete of legislation.

That is what has happened as the sexual liberation of the 1960s collided with feminism to generate the idea of sexual harassment. The carefree youths of that period, if working in universities, are now terrified to close their doors when talking to female students.

It is a familiar irony that governments have been ferocious in their attack on the right to smoke cigarettes, while totally permissive in their support for homosexual rights. If the issue is one of health, then the consequences of sodomy are far more terrifying than those of cigarettes. Money and passion were hurled into the work of finding a cure for AIDS. No such attention was paid to lung cancer. How can we explain this remarkable contradiction?

The reason is that smoking and homosexuality are at two very different stages of the impulse-regulation cycle. Remember that smoking was itself a triumph of permissive liberation, especially for women, earlier in this century. It got itself entangled with the question of health, and, two or three generations down the line, Big Brother has been stepping in to control it. Homosexual rights are much more recent, and still crackle with live issues about their extent. The stage when governments move in to regulate lies about a generation in the future. But it will come.

Impulsiveness in society has become a bureaucratic interest, though only recently a conscious one. When the Reagan Administration tried to shrink the role of the regulators, the response was to attack the people we have called individualists—those who don't depend on the state because they make their own way in the world—as greedy, selfish, and lacking in community spirit. The ultimate aim of high policy seems to be to entangle everyone in the low morals of pure impulsiveness. □

# TRANS-O-GRAM / Siegfried R. Reiner

|     |   |     |   |     |   |     |   |     |   |     |   |     |   |     |   |     |   |     |   |     |    |     |    |     |    |     |    |     |    |     |   |     |   |     |   |     |   |     |   |
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| 1   | V |     | 2 | O   | 3 | C   | 4 | H   |   | 5   | P | 6   | F | 7   | O |     | 8 | V   | 9 | P   | 10 | A   | 11 | B   | 12 | C   | 13 | E   | 14 | X   |   | 15  | I | 16  | D |     |   |     |   |
| 17  | C | 18  | V | 19  | N | 20  | S |     |   | 21  | V | 22  | O | 23  | C | 24  | X |     |   | 25  | B  | 26  | D  | 27  | X  | 28  | E  |     |    | 29  | I | 30  | P | 31  | B | 32  | D | 33  | A |
| 34  | F |     |   | 35  | G | 36  | F | 37  | R | 38  | C | 39  | V |     |   | 40  | O | 41  | W |     |    | 42  | L  | 43  | B  | 44  | H  | 45  | P  | 46  | F | 47  | D |     |   | 48  | J | 49  | I |
| 50  | M | 51  | S |     |   | 52  | J | 53  | X | 54  | P | 55  | L | 56  | E |     |   | 57  | G | 58  | E  | 59  | M  | 60  | A  | 61  | I  | 62  | J  | 63  | V | 64  | T |     |   | 65  | Y | 66  | F |
|     |   | 67  | R | 68  | Q | 69  | K | 70  | F | 71  | I |     |   | 72  | D | 73  | L | 74  | B | 75  | C  |     |    | 76  | M  | 77  | U  | 78  | N  | 79  | Y | 80  | H | 81  | B |     |   | 82  | V |
| 83  | Q |     |   | 84  | I | 85  | G |     |   | 86  | T | 87  | Q | 88  | X | 89  | B |     |   | 90  | F  | 91  | G  | 92  | M  | 93  | S  | 94  | Y  |     |   | 95  | F | 96  | N | 97  | D | 98  | J |
| 99  | E | 100 | U |     |   | 101 | V | 102 | Q | 103 | R | 104 | O |     |   | 105 | W | 106 | O |     |    | 107 | P  | 108 | V  | 109 | G  | 110 | T  | 111 | C | 112 | A | 113 | U | 114 | F | 115 | X |
| 116 | B | 117 | M | 118 | Y |     |   | 119 | B | 120 | U | 121 | X | 122 | W | 123 | I |     |   | 124 | B  | 125 | A  | 126 | T  | 127 | H  | 128 | E  | 129 | F | 130 | M | 131 | K | 132 | R |     |   |
| 133 | X | 134 | I | 135 | G | 136 | M | 137 | H |     |   | 138 | N | 139 | P |     |   | 140 | E | 141 | S  | 142 | L  | 143 | T  |     |    | 144 | W  | 145 | F | 146 | K |     |   | 147 | B | 148 | T |
| 149 | L | 150 | G |     |   | 151 | E | 152 | M | 153 | R | 154 | S |     |   | 155 | Q | 156 | X | 157 | A  | 158 | R  |     |    |     |    |     |    |     |   |     |   |     |   |     |   |     |   |

## DEFINITIONS

|                                                           |                                      |                                                            |                                |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| A. Cossack chieftain                                      | 125 112 10 157 60 33                 | N. Proper, called for                                      | 78 96 19 138                   |
| B. Means                                                  | 25 31 81 43 89 119 11 124 147 74 116 | O. Birthplace of Def. M                                    | 40 104 7 106 2 22              |
| C. Polonius's son                                         | 111 23 12 38 17 3 75                 | P. Gores made not a little lettuce from this weed          | 5 139 107 9 45 30 54           |
| D. Egyptian Lord of the Dead                              | 16 47 26 97 32 72                    | Q. He led Tyrol's revolt against the Napoleonists          | 68 87 155 102 83               |
| E. Moral anarchist                                        | 13 58 28 151 140 99 128 56           | R. Family seat                                             | 103 132 153 37 67 158          |
| F. Mongol conqueror, 1162-1227 (2 words)                  | 34 36 145 90 6 114 70 46 95 129 66   | S. Numerical relation                                      | 20 93 51 141 154               |
| G. Foamed                                                 | 85 91 150 109 35 135 57              | T. Plastered                                               | 86 126 143 110 148 64          |
| H. Composition intended to develop or display virtuosity  | 4 80 127 137 44                      | U. Culinary master                                         | 100 120 77 113                 |
| I. Puccini favorite (2 words)                             | 134 29 61 84 49 123 15 71            | V. Venus to the Greeks                                     | 108 8 18 21 82 101 1 39 63     |
| J. Toss into the air                                      | 62 98 52 48                          | W. Gabled covering                                         | 122 144 105 41                 |
| K. Philological last word for our native tongue (abbrev.) | 69 146 131                           | X. "Here once the farmers stood" (Emerson, "Concord Hymn") | 121 88 133 156 27 14 53 115 24 |
| L. Traditional Host                                       | 42 55 142 73 149                     | Y. Ash                                                     | 118 79 65 94                   |
| M. Beloved Danish storyteller                             | 50 130 117 92 76 59 136 152          |                                                            |                                |

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

**Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram.** DE TOCQUEVILLE: *Democracy in America*: "The pursuit of wealth generally diverts men of great talents and strong passions from the pursuit of power, and it frequently happens that a man does not undertake to direct the fortunes of state until he has shown himself incompetent to conduct his own."

## Religious Persecution: The Protestors

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 10

As the government hovers over the proposed legislation on religious persecution, the perspective heightens on an ambient anomaly. One human-rights organization estimates that there are two hundred million Christians being persecuted. The most conspicuous American figures who are calling this proto-genocidal phenomenon to public attention are Michael Horowitz, A. M. Rosenthal, Arlen Specter, and Joseph Lieberman.

Mr. Horowitz is now a senior fellow at the Hudson Institute and served before that as a budget official in the Reagan Administration, notwithstanding that his political convictions are liberal. Horowitz is a give-no-quarter polemicist whose rhetoric is in the tradition of James Carville, though the causes that ignite him are very different. The family of Michael Horowitz escaped from Hitler. He didn't piece it all together—the meaning of his family's experience and the current situation regarding religious persecution—until he learned from an Ethiopian man-servant what it can mean to preach the gospel in his country. It is to run the risk, in his case, of having boiling oil poured on the soles of his feet while being whipped by metal cables. The short-form position of Horowitz explaining his defense of persecuted Christians: "I would be a bar of soap, a lampshade, were it not for the rooted faith of churchgoing Americans." In January of 1996 he produced a "Statement of Conscience" which has been adopted by the National Association of Evangelicals.

That statement, a story in the *Washington Post* by Paul Blustein reveals, had a singular effect on Abe Rosenthal, *New York Times* columnist and former editor. Rosenthal wrote that Horowitz had "screamed me awake." Mr. Rosenthal has now written column after column documenting the persecution of Christians—and Buddhists—by Communist and Muslim governments. He has a problem, as do others, in formulating an immediately persuasive political platform to combat the persecutors, but he has won, in his own words, this much at least: "peace of mind"—speaking of which he ends his most recent column, "On March 16, Chinese police arrested Xu Yongze, a

Protestant leader of China's underground churches, his wife, and six other Chinese Christians. The charge was 'disrupting public order.' Nothing was heard from him afterward. Now Compass Direct, a U.S. religious news service, reports that on September 17 he was sentenced to 10 years in a labor camp."

The bill being debated is called the Freedom from Religious Persecution Act, the product of Jewish Sen. Arlen Specter and (finally) Protestant Frank Wolf. It is a rather endearing effort to mount every weapon on behalf of the persecuted, including the kitchen stove. It would set up a White House office instructed to focus on religious persecution and classify its severity. If a country is found guilty, all kinds of sanctions are variously considered, from economic trade to denial of access to the United States. The bill is specific, or tries to be, in designating what kind of export should be expressly forbidden to such countries and, lo! we come upon handcuffs and cattle prods. The latter may require some technological finesse to produce, but one assumes that the know-how to make handcuffs was developed on the second day of the Iron Age.

The Specter-Wolf bill floats about the whole issue, deadly serious and appealing, but using language that would invite chaos. For instance, the bill would deny United States hospitality to anyone "responsible" for acts of torture or repression of religious communicants, which takes us from the man who poured the boiling oil on the Ethiopian up to the man who sentenced him up to the governor up to the emperor. At Nuremberg devolution of responsibility was attempted, but the prosecution would have none of it: Hermann Goering may never have stepped foot in a concentration camp, but he would be found guilty, whatever effort it took to formulate the exact crime he was guilty of (*Nullum crimen, sine lege*—if it's really bad,

there's got to be a law against it). And then there are the exceptions to be made if the President decrees a security interest. And so on: almost certainly an unworkable bill.

But honorable in its provenance and blessed in its purpose. Which brings us to the fourth humanitarian Jewish entrepreneur, Sen. Lieberman. In his statement on religious persecution he quotes Paul Wolfowitz, former U.S. Ambassador to Indonesia, who "suggested that the main goal of foreign policy in the days ahead should be to make sure the twenty-first century is not a repeat of the twentieth century. . . . according to some credible reports, more Christians have died because of their religious beliefs in the twentieth century than in the first nineteen after the birth of Jesus."

But Rosenthal is correct. We want more merely than peace of mind. □

## What to Do About Washington Square?

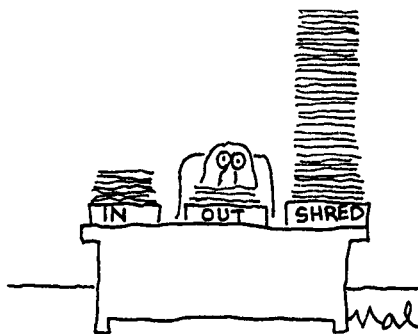
NEW YORK, OCTOBER 3

In New York, Washington Square Park is in the news. It is election season and Mayor Giuliani has promised to drop the Hiroshima bomb on drugs, and the park is one of his targets. As described by Michael Cooper of the *New York Times*, "These days the park has been a haven for skate punks, folk singers, buskers, and bikers, a draw for tourists looking for the unusual, and, much to the chagrin of the police and neighbors, a drug bazaar."

The question the police are searching for the answer to is how to stop the recurrent miscreant. It is on the order of the prostitute who is picked up Monday, released Tuesday, and picked up again the following Monday. "Each time, law-enforcement officials said, drug dealers returned to the park as soon as they had made their way through the criminal-justice system. One man was arrested for selling drugs there this summer for the 76th time, the police said."

The world has bemoaned turnstile justice for a very long time, and public protests have had an effect on serious crime. The downward turn in heavy crime is in part attributable to the longer sentences being given to those who kill and maim and plunder. What to do about other criminals (lesser criminals isn't quite the way to put it) is, so to speak, in the public domain's thinking tank.

What has got heavy publicity in recent months is Megan's Law. It is the law that seeks to identify a child abuser who is



released from prison. What it says is that notice can be given that Molester John, having been released from prison, has taken up residence at 4 West Side Drive, Asbury Park, New Jersey. The intention is obvious: to alert people with children who live at 2 West Side Drive, Asbury Park, New Jersey, what their new neighbor was doing before he came to town, serving time for child molestation.

Now the up-in-arms types are upset over this arrangement, and not without reason. What they say is that when a man is released from prison he has paid his debt to society and should be allowed to come back into society as reprimanded as he is when he leaves a confessional and re-enters his congregation, shriven of sin. The Megan's Law people say, Oh no. The sex offender has revealed a disposition which is not extinguished by five years in prison. It isn't like getting a driver's license. Up until then you may be required by laws in different states to post a huge banner above your rear bumper: STUDENT DRIVER. When you get your license, the sign is removed. But there is no equivalent for a man whose genes crave pedophilic satisfaction: the only thing such a man can do is exercise self-discipline. But his neighbors can't know whether he succeeds, and don't want to rely on his having done so.

Presumably the way out of that tangle is to write into laws affecting child molesters that their penalty is in two parts. First the jail sentence, and then the public identification in the community—for however many years science tells us the libido rages. But this does not tell us how to deal with the prostitute or, in the case of Washington Square, the marijuana vendor.

But we are told what they are thinking. "In my generation," Joan Dankovich, an area resident, is quoted, "there's hardly anyone who didn't try pot and they're not all criminals."

Miss Dankovich also asked how the new policy would be enforced. "Will people wear tags on their heads saying they've been arrested?"

It transpires that that, or rather something like that, is exactly what some people are thinking about. "Since last spring police commanders have been discussing how to put such a policy into effect. At one debate, several commanders suggested giving parolees identifying bracelets to let police officers know that they had been arrested in the park. The suggestion was shot down as a violation of individual rights," a police official (speaking anonymously) said.

In the matter of marijuana, the problem is very nearly insurmountable. If half of late teenagers are going to experiment with marijuana and the purchase of it is illegal, then Washington Square is going to lure

the purveyor to do it again the 77th time. The alternatives are apparently ruled out. One alternative is to send him to prison for 25 years. There's some incongruity in that option that causes the society to say, No: That's overdoing it.

The other alternative is also frowned on, which is to license the sale of pot under strictly supervised conditions, like the sale of beer. One wonders what residents in the area of Washington Square would tell us if asked that question. □

## The Army And Boys & Girls

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 30

At ease!

We shall now have a very brief indoctrination course based on the Army's new regulations having to do with sexual . . . having to do with sexual . . . *relations* between men and women . . . soldiers.

You will all have read that report, because copies were distributed in the mess halls. The figures given by the Army panel tell us that 47 per cent of the female troops polled reported that they had experienced "unwanted sexual attention," 15 per cent had experienced "sexual coercion," and 7 per cent had been victims of "sexual assault."

Now granted, that adds up to a lot of you women . . . soldiers out there—47 plus 15 plus 7 equals 69 per cent [there is a titter in the ranks] . . . *Quiet!* But the report says that sexual misconduct is not "endemic." That means it doesn't exist *everywhere* in the Army. But it is obviously widespread—69 per cent is more than two-thirds, but remember it's not endemic. The problem, according to the panel, is that we lack an "institutional commitment to the EO program." That's the Equal Opportunity program.

Now if you read the papers and saw television in the last couple of days you'll see that what's been happening is a taxonomy—a technical word here, used by people who discuss grades and sub-grades and sub-sub-grades, like, I mean, homo is animals, sapiens is us, so we'd be homo sapiens. Any question about that?

What's rape, sergeant? [Titter.]

Okay, legitimate question. That is "sexual assault." Private John forces himself on Private Letitia—obvious. Now one grade above that is "sexual coercion." That would be, well, if Private John kissed Private Letitia without permission, or tweaked her bottom, you understand.

Now, one grade above that is "unwanted sexual attention." That's when Private

John says to Private Letitia something like, oh, "You really are built, Private."

What if he says, "Letitia, you smell real good today?" Is that unwanted sexual attention?

That, er, would depend entirely on the way the comment was made—

Would the way Cary Grant said it to Audrey Hepburn be okay?

Yes. I don't remember the movie, but I'm sure that would have been, well, yes.

How about the way Robert Redford said it to Demi Moore?

I didn't see that one either, but I'd guess it was *not* okay. . . . Now the Army panel came up with another finding, and it's my duty to pass that one on. Male soldiers have also been harassed sexually, though it's less in their case—30 per cent reported "unwanted sexual attention" and 8 per cent "sexual coercion."

Sergeant, are you kidding?

Soldier, I am *not* kidding. And the Army is *not* kidding.

Was that a poll of gay soldiers? Whose attention were they complaining about?

This is getting out of hand. We'll call it the end of the first indoctrination. Go back and reread the report, think about it, and we'll have another rundown in the morning. Platoon *dismissed!*

To use the army's exact language.

One finding: "The Army lacks institutional commitment to the EO (Equal Opportunity) program and soldiers distrust the EO complaint system."

This tells us that men have not acquired the habit of considering women soldiers as a natural development. It means that there are incongruities in female soldiering, that these have to be accommodated by differing schedules of physical training. It probably means that there is psychological wariness of common duty in combat.

One "Conclusion?" "The Panel concludes that the human relations environment of the Army is not conducive to engendering dignity and respect among us."

Dignity and respect are what evolve from the nature of a relationship. The respect for the elderly is a cognitive act—they are weaker and need help. A respect for women is a tradition not unrelated to the special burdens of women and to the correlative attentions men need to pay to them. The dignity of women in part rests on their historical detachment from the coercive professions.

What the army's gobbledygook neatly avoids is the clear language of common cultural sense. Women aren't naturally suited to soldierly life at barracks level. A pity such stuff can't be said by generals in A.D. 1997. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

# THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

I TRIED to watch the Promise Keepers Washington writhe-in with an open mind, but I didn't last long. Barely an hour into it, my various reactions settled into the narrow end of my mental funnel and took on a unified familiar shape, until I saw not 700,000 men but one man. The man every Southerner knows, the man no Southerner can avoid, especially in August when the Revival comes to town.

In short I saw Earl, who just got Saved.

Earl gets Saved every August and falls from grace sometime in November in the male-bonding excesses of football or the autumnal batch of hard cider that starts him drinking again, but in the meantime he is everyone's cross to bear, starting with his wife.

You can spot Earl on sight because the first thing he does after he gets Saved is get cleaned up. Between his new haircut and his lethally close straight-razor shave he's a red, scraped, pulpy mass from the neck up. Watching him shave, hands still shaking, is his wife's first endurance test. Normally he uses a throwaway Bic but for his August tontorial nothing but his granddaddy's razor will do, and since it's a Southern razor, there's a long story behind it. This Earl recites in masochistic detail while he shaves: how Alvin Lee used it to cut Billy Lee "to ribbons" in a fight and then accidentally fell on it and bled to death; how Uncle Clay Lee used it to slit his own throat when the burden of his sins grew too heavy; and how Granddaddy got it back from the sheriff and used it to mark his place in the Good Book as a reminder to go and chase nooky no more.

The second endurance test awaiting Earl's wife is his fervent pledges of deathless fidelity: "I'll love you till the ocean wears rubber pants to keep its bottom dry" is about par. Nor are

strangers exempt. Stand next to him in the Piggly-Wiggly line—inevitable, since he has volunteered to do the grocery shopping—and he will point to the six-pack of Bud in your basket and say, "I usta drink that stuff before the Lord stopped me. I tell you, I was so worthless they shoulda stood me up against the wall and shot me. No good! I tell you, I was the no-goodest sinner you ever did see till I went to the altar and turned myself in to Jesus, and He said to me, He said . . ."

Analyzing the psychological effects of Revivalism in the small Southern town where she spent her life, Lillian Smith wrote: "I cannot remember one time when the banker or millowner or principal of the school, or cotton broker or politician went to the altar. They were always among the Saved. Perhaps it is as well—for one little penitent journey might have caused a run on the bank or a cultural panic."

Earl's penitent journey has a similar erosive effect on his wife. Listening to his non-stop self-abasement, she begins to wonder: what has he done that she hasn't already caught him doing? What might he do that she hasn't yet suspected him of? Can it be that she has underestimated his capacity for ruinous mayhem? A terrible tension is born: when will Earl crack?

She can't, of course, acknowledge these dark thoughts because she must keep up a happy front as the wife of a Saved man, but she would be happier if he were not quite so Saved. She misses grocery-shopping, and she would just as soon put the dishes away herself instead of finding the turkey platter sitting on top of a tea cup. Truth be told, she agrees with the women in *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* who said the ideal husband was a fireman because: "He made good money and wasn't home much."

The tension snaps when she goes to the bathroom in the middle of the night. Used to Earl leaving the seat up, she automatically reached back and low-

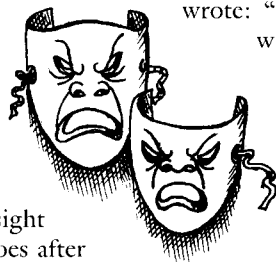
ered it without looking, but this time the newly solicitous Earl had put it back down, and she, half-asleep, realized too late that what she had lowered and sat down on was the lid.

When he woke up and found her mopping the bathroom floor he offered to do it for her, but she screamed at him. Overcome by a powerful thirst, he tore up the kitchen looking for his booze until he remembered that he had poured it all down the sink the day he got Saved. There was nothing in the house to drink except the vanilla extract he had bought at the Piggly-Wiggly. He was on the last bottle and yelling something about nooky when the sheriff arrived.

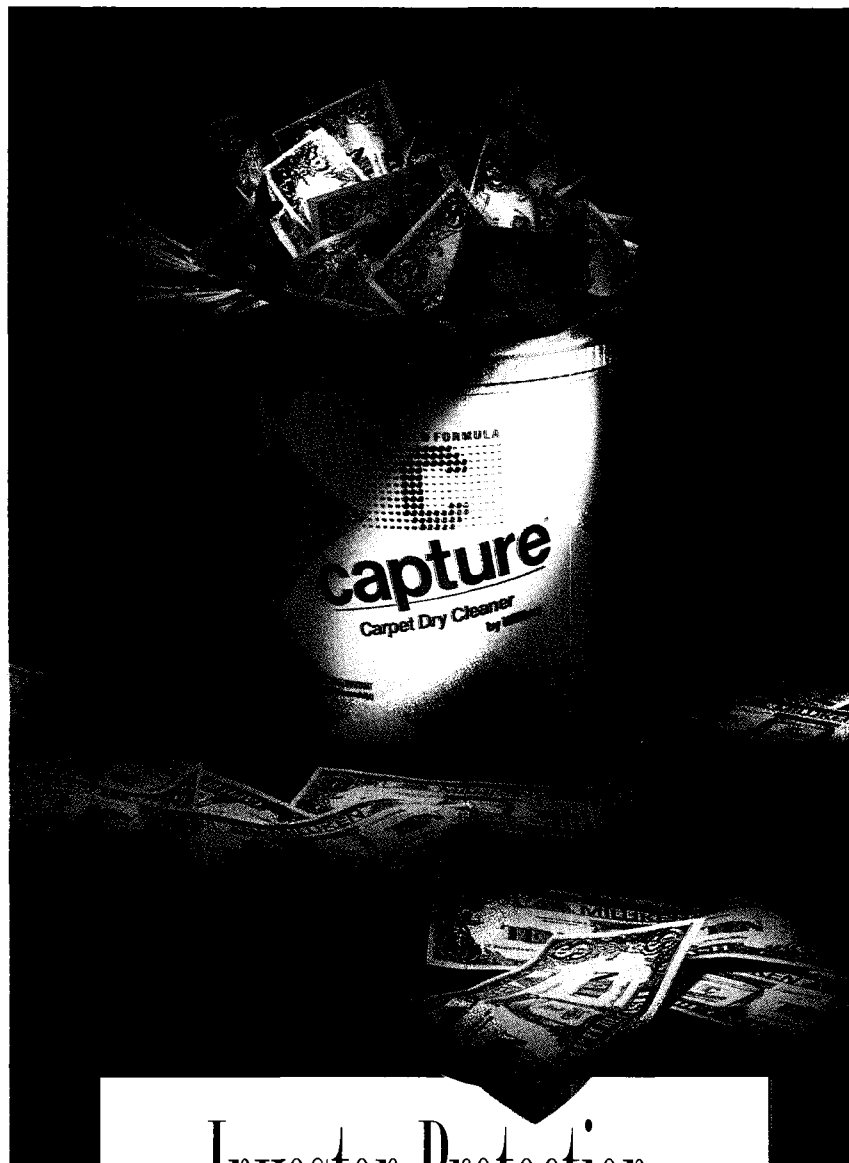
ALL right, so I'm a cynic. That's better than being a desperate idealist like most of my fellow conservative columnists, who let themselves be persuaded that PK's gospel according to the T-shirt signaled the ultimate victory for family values. When will we learn that religion does not a conservative make, nor atheism a liberal? Like all people driven by emotion, PK could be swung like a lariat; the Right is in trouble if we think that 700,000 weeping men is good news in an era that is already close to rule by hysteria. Whatever happened to our traditional distrust of the mob?

I also reject the view put forth by several gleeful conservative pundits that PK dealt a fatal blow to radical feminism. After three decades of male bashing, what is there to gloat about in the spectacle of 700,000 men curdling with guilt and begging for forgiveness? It sounds like successful brainwashing to me.

Then there is PK's apples-and-oranges comparison of marital problems and racism. They vow to help their wives, spend time with the kids—and end racism? We're headed for an all-purpose, automatic agenda. *The Home Accessories Catalogue*: "Everything you need for kitchen, bath, and ending racism." "Subscribe to *The Model Airplane* and learn to build miniature replicas, exchange ideas with other hobbyists, and end racism." Another triumph for Bill Gates: "Windows '95 made your life easier with the Start key. Now Microsoft introduces the Stop Racism key." On and on it will go, until the humble vacation postcard reads: "The scenery is beautiful, wish you were here to help me end racism." □



Miss King is the author of *The Florence King Reader* and other books.



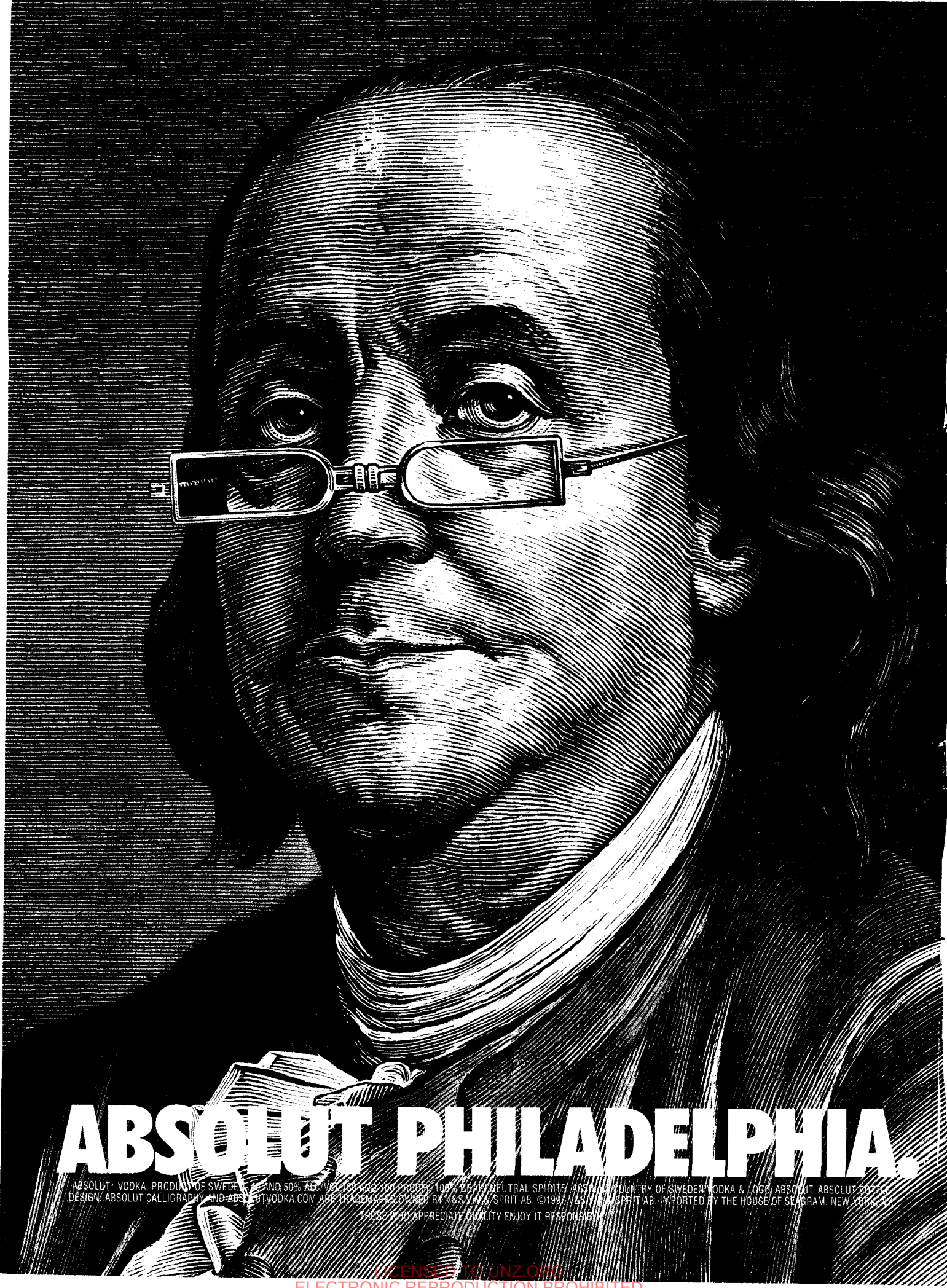
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